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FLYING SAUCER REVIEW

Edited by

Derek D. Dempster

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IN THE FIRST ISSUE of FLYING SAUCER REVIEW, published just over a year ago, we said we could not claim to know where flying saucers originated although there was plenty to suggest they came from outer space. One day we would know the answer and when we did we would have reached our first declared goal.

A lot of turbulent water has flowed beneath the bridge since that first issue and from the "Quarlepool" and "Air Ministurbulence" of confusion we have plucked sufficient evidence to establish the undoubted existence of flying saucers, confirmation of which can be found in Major Edward Ruppelt's new book, *The Report of the Unidentified Flying Objects*. Certain clues point to the origin of some u.f.o.s, but these are such that we cannot yet see our way clear to turning the "u" of u.f.o. into an "i."

Many people have come to us with the answer, however. They have been aerial phenomena investigators, spiritualists, occultists, materialists, theosophists, cranks, alcoholics, forecasters of doom, inventors, engineers, ethericists, vibratoricists, philosophers, and all manner of kind souls.

All came forward with answers they honestly and sincerely believed. Some came forward with well-thought-out suggestions. But on the whole few appreciated the true meaning of proof and evidence—the proof and evidence that is so necessary to convince those who do not wish to believe or who cannot bring themselves to believe.

To stimulate the man in the street's interest in flying saucers it is a first essential to approach the subject in a simple and elementary manner. It is difficult enough for him to accept the fact that his is not the only inhabited planet in the Universe, let alone believe we are being visited by ships from another world.

Small wonder the majority baulk at the idea of flying saucers and then shrug it off with a smile as impossible when told of telepathic contacts and u.f.o. patrols seeing we do not blow ourselves up. They cannot assimilate so much alien information at once. In any case there is not one shred of evidence of the kind you can put forward to Mr. Averageman to sustain the argument for the saucers' presence.

Perhaps the best illustration of the public and press attitude to flying saucers and enthusiasts was published in *The Observer* at the beginning of March. Its author, Paul Ferris, wrote:

The Aerial Phenomena Investigator was about thirty. He had a little beard, leather jacket and corduroys, and announced his occupation without embarrassment; he seemed a bit of a phenomenon himself. He brought twenty people, most of them with the grim, apologetic look of intruders. They included a solicitor, two Civil Servants and three doctors.

They came forty miles from London on a Sunday afternoon

because of a buzzing noise which disturbed a row of houses on the edge of the town. It was a mystery noise. A month earlier Mrs. X wrote from one of the houses to the Town Hall, and the assistant M.O.H. spent half an hour listening, no doubt with an acid expression, to pipes, wires and walls. He couldn't detect the buzz, but he was so impressed by the sincerity of Mrs. X (her husband couldn't hear a thing) that he made a report to the council. The local paper carried the story, and the news reached London, and this man the Investigator.

Phenomena were his hobby: things like silvery discs, blips on radar screens, sightings at 50,000 feet, and vibratory noises. He had visiting cards printed with his name and what he was, but when you got his confidence he admitted that in the week he was an interior decorator, and his wife thought he was crazy. He read all flying saucer books, and the Flying Saucer News.

I met him at the Xs' house, where I went out of curiosity after hearing he had announced himself with a telegram. His following was a shock. Five cars rolled up; one man had a tape recorder. I heard the Investigator telling Mrs. X that most of the twenty were members, or friends of members, of suburban scientific societies, and he said they didn't all agree with his theory.

This theory was strange to the point of fantasy, and I think he got it from one of his books. He thought the buzz came from a transmitter, installed nearby to guide interplanetary saucers to Earth, but I never learned who was supposed to have installed it because I was faced with a new line of inquiry. I didn't care about the buzz—though Mrs. X was charming, and had given me tea and currant cake when I arrived—but I did care about the curious enthusiasm that brought twenty people forty miles to a pink-brick avenue, on a bleak afternoon in winter.

I moved around asking questions, while the Investigator took the tape machine through the house, and the faces of Mrs. X's husband and small son were seen to bob up and down in the sitting-room, watching the crowd outside. I got a similar answer from nearly everyone; stripped of self-consciousness it amounted to "You never know: I thought we might find something."

No one credited the Investigator's theory, but that didn't seem to matter. One of the doctors, a thin man with a practice in North London, said: "I'm a tireless empiricist. It's the only way to approach a problem." He had an iron spike to drive into the lawn and flower beds, and a stethoscope to listen at the top of the spike. Two girls in slacks were listening at a drain-pipe; an elderly man with his trousers rolled up his calves stood by the rockery, hands cupped behind his ears, turning slowly.

The empirical part of the afternoon got pretty tedious, with everyone listening and one or two thinking they could hear, but I kept being impressed by the way these people could concentrate their curiosity and produce at least an air of seriousness out of such unpromising material. The Investigator announced that he heard the buzz distinctly, but that the tape machine couldn't pick it up. It began to get chilly, and there was a drift back to the cars. One of the neighbours' children said he'd seen a purple light in the sky the night before, but the Investigator only smiled at this.

He was the last to leave. He thanked Mrs. X with extreme courtesy, offered to rake the flower-beds level, and apologised for having done so little. He said a balloon was needed for full-scale research, and failing that a small aircraft. He drove off waving.

Mrs. X said she thought the afternoon had cured her of hearing noises (and as it happened, within a month the buzzing seemed to have stopped, or was being assumed never to have started). I went inside for more tea and currant cake, and talked to Mr. X about empiricism. He was astonished I could take anything about the afternoon seriously; he thought it was the funniest thing he had ever seen, and presently his wife began to laugh as well, and the little boy nearly choked on a biscuit.

When I left, the neighbours' children were playing on the pavement. The visitor must have been giving away his cards, because they all seemed to have one. They were chanting "Aerial Phenomena Investigator" in the dusk. It sounded weird and sad.

It is weird and sad, because flying saucers are most real. But when the majority of "saucerphiles" behave in the manner described by Mr. Ferris we cannot blame Mr. Averageman for turning his back on us, sniggering and shaking his head knowingly. Nor must we be surprised when a really serious and authentic book like Major Ruppelt's fails to get a review in the national press. Because if we really look at ourselves as others see us we are so terribly funny.

The Editor regrets the delay incurred in publishing and dispatching this issue of "Flying Saucer Review." It is due to events outside his control.

A SAUCER SHOWS UP OVER PARIS AND CREATES A STIR IN A RADAR ROOM AND A COCKPIT

EUROPE, gripped in an Arctic spell, was more concerned with keeping warm than with flying saucers on February 19. It was a clear night with the moon shining brightly amid twinkling stars.

At Orly Airport, Paris, snug in the radar control room thick with the smell of "Gauloise" cigarettes, an operator, his face bathed in the pale green fluorescent light of the radar screen, kept a routine check on air traffic in the area.

The screen was clear and the hands of the clock beside it were coming up for 22.50 hours—seventy minutes to midnight—when a blip with a difference showed up. Interested, the operator leaned forward to get a better look. Immediately, he summoned his colleagues and warned the tower. For here was something unusual; an "echo" twice as large as the echo of the largest known aricraft. An echo that did not fit into the scheduled traffic pattern for Paris. What's more, it behaved in a manner quite unlike anything the operator had ever seen before.

Cruising around, it would slow down to a hover, rather like a helicopter, only to accelerate at incredible speeds after a short while. Soon after it appeared radar showed it to be directly over Gometz-le-Châtel, Seine et Oise. Thirty seconds later it was 30 kilometres away (18 miles) over Boissy Saint Léger. No need for a slide rule to work out its speed: one kilometre per second, which equals 3,600 kilometres an hour or nearly 2,250 miles an hour.

A second, but more familiar blip then appeared on the screen. It was soon identified as a Douglas Dakota air liner on the regular Paris-London Air France service flying over the military air base at Les Mureaux, 4,500 feet up; 800 feet lower than the u.f.o. Orly immediately radioed the pilot that a u.f.o. was on its approximate path.

On board, Radio Operator Beaupertuis nearly choked with incredulity—but as he passed Orly's message to the skipper he caught sight of the object through a porthole. It was on the starboard beam—an enormous thing, rather indistinct in outline, lit here and there by a red glow.

Commenting on the incident in a report to the French Ministry of Civil Aviation, the skipper, Captain Desavoi, said: "For a full thirty seconds we watched the object without being able to decide exactly on its size or precise shape. "In flight," he added, "it is virtually impossible to estimate distances and dimensions. But of one thing we are certain. It was no civil air liner. For it carried none of the navigation lights regulations stipulate are a must.

"I was then warned by Orly that the object had moved to my port side, so I turned towards it. But they called to say it had left us and was speeding towards Le Bourget. About ten minutes later control called again to say the object was several miles above us. But we couldn't see it, nor did we see it again."

The odd thing about this particular u.f.o. is that neither Le Bourget nor Paris Observatory picked it up on their radar screens. But on the Orly screen its fantastic waltz over a radius of about 50 kilometres (30 miles) was followed for about four hours.

Other observers to see it included Monsieur Devot, whose home is at Etiolles, Seine-et-Oise. His description: "A lighted oil lamp in a strong wind."

GET READY FOR THE SAUCER HUNT

JUNE 30 AND SEPTEMBER 8 are to be "INTERNATIONAL FLYING SAUCER SIGHTING DAYS" of 1956. The scheme is to stimulate interest in unidentified flying objects, to show they are still with us and to prepare the way for co-operation with scientific bodies during the International Geophysical Year.

The two dates have been chosen because they fall on Saturdays when the majority of flying saucer investigators are off duty and in the country, and because the Meteorological records for Britain show that the weather is best at those times. They coincide more or less with the Wimbledon Tennis Championships and the Farnborough Air Display.

Dr. Bernard E. Finch, *M.R.C.S.(Lond.), L.R.C.P.(Eng.), D.C.M.(Lond.),* who worked out the scheme, tells you here what you want and what to do on an "INTERNATIONAL FLYING SAUCER SIGHTING DAY."

Three things are essential to make an I.F.S.S.D. a success: A sharp pair of eyes, a pair of binoculars or a telescope and a watch—not forgetting, of course, good weather.

Having got these together it is essential to plan what time of the day you are going to set up watch, how long that watch is going to last and with whom you plan to keep watch.

My advice is that you select two to three hours between 3 p.m. and 6 p.m. for your concentrated vigil. It is about the best time of the day for a sighting because the sun is by then pretty low in the sky and able to reflect its rays off metallic objects that are not actually glowing. I suggest two to three hours' concentrated vigil only because a lengthier period tends to become tedious and tiring.

Setting out alone to watch the heavens is not recommended. For if you do have an important sighting there is no one with you to witness it. No matter how honest you are, few will want to believe you. Parties of at least three people are really necessary for an I.F.S.S.D.

If you do spot something resembling a flying saucer, make a note of the time and then get a closer look at it through your binoculars or telescope. The time will help you to tie up your sighting with observations of other parties in different localities and will serve to chart the course of a saucer across the country. In Britain all investigators going out on an I.F.S.S.D. should synchronise their watches with the B.B.C. time signal.

At the end of the vigil all watchers would make detailed notes of the things they had seen and send them in to their local Flying Saucer Group headquarters or to FLYING SAUCER REVIEW for evaluation and co-ordination.

Experienced observers report that u.f.o.s are often seen in the vicinity of high-flying aircraft and their condensation trails. Take a look at these aircraft and then all around them to an angle of about 15 degrees. Airfields and military installations are also fertile sighting localities. Make a "Bee" line for them.

In general the impression is that the chances of spotting a u.f.o. is greater in daylight than at night. This seems paradoxical, but one must realise that at 50,000 feet the glow of a saucer would be extremely difficult to distinguish from that of a star or even a high-flying aircraft.

The third and probably the most interesting method of detecting a u.f.o. is through a home television set. Aircraft have a habit of causing picture flutter whenever they pass over or near a television. By using a set outside broadcasting hours one might possibly detect a flying saucer flying overhead. It might, of course, turn out to be an aircraft, but there is every chance that it might be something out of this world. This is where the binoculars come in handy again.

Anyway, having been allocated a day, picked your companions and equipment, made up your mind where you are going to set up watch, you should be in for an interesting time. As W. Schroeder points out in his article, "Current Events in the Heavens," Venus and Mars come closer to Earth than ever within a few days of our INTERNATIONAL FLYING SAUCER SIGHTING DAYS of 1956.

(Look out for special sighting forms in the May-June issue of FLYING SAUCER REVIEW.—Ed.)

PILOT SEES THREE DISCS

A PILOT AND AN AERIAL CAMERAMAN sighted and attempted to track what they described as " three circular aircraft " over Pasadena on January 3, 1956, but their plane was out-distanced by the objects that were travelling at an estimated speed of 1,200 miles an hour.

The two civilians were Daniel L. Cramer, of 825E Elma Street, Ontario, Calif., and his cameraman, Allen B. White, of 5670 Viceroy Street, Azusa, Calif. They are co-owners of an aerial photo company and have been flying together for three years. Cramer has been flying for 19 years for the Army and commercial airlines and has logged more than 10,000 hours' flying. He said White has spent years in the air as a cameraman and during the war for the R.A.F. They didn't say whether they had got any pictures of the things.

They were returning from Bakersfield and were over Pasadena at an altitude of 4,000 feet when they sighted three circular aircraft flying near the mountains. Both men saw them simultaneously, according to Cramer, and both noted that they were brilliant orange in colour and that the lead aircraft had a white circle painted in the middle.

" I immediately threw our plane, a Cessna 180, into a tight circle to keep the three craft in our windshield," Cramer said, " while White tried to take our aerial camera out of its mount but was prevented by the centrifugal force exerted by our tight turn. (Evidently they did not have any other camera along with them, though they didn't say.)

" The three craft made a complete circle around us at a distance of 4-5 miles," Cramer said, " covering the distance in 30 seconds. They made another half circle and disappeared to the west." He said they computed the speed of the aircraft at 1,200 miles an hour by using their plane as the hub of a circle and knowing the craft took 30 seconds to complete the full circle at a distance of 4-5 miles.

Cramer estimated the craft to be 50 feet in diameter and said they left no rocket trail. " We had them in sight for a full 45 seconds," he said, " and they were clearly outlined most of the time against the mountains. I know many people won't believe us," Cramer said, " but we are experienced airmen and not accustomed to imagining we see things."

SAUCER IN THE ARGENTINE

TAKING flying saucers seriously is the Argentine's leading aviation journal *Revista Aeronautica*. Last year a book-length article in it was devoted to u.f.o.s which have been mentioned in the editorial on more than one occasion.

Now, in the January issue of the magazine, an illustrated account of a saucer sighting at Dudignac on August 30, 1955, is carried.

The saucer, which looks very much like a circular aircraft astrodome mounted on an inverted dish—or even like Saturn and its ring—was observed and photographed by Señor Pedro Francisco Navarro and appeared to be of tremendous dimensions. Other witnesses to the sighting, which was confirmed by local police, were Alberto Sampietro and Señora Angelica Sccatolini.

The odd thing about the incident was that until the photograph had been developed few realised the significance of what they had seen. For the u.f.o. appeared to be using the local cloud formations as camouflage and was difficult to distinguish from the billowy masses.

Concluded the *Revista Aeronautica*: " It is really deplorable that no country has seen fit to set up an official investigating organisation."

WHO OWNS OUTER SPACE?

THE International Civil Aviation Organisation is becoming anxious about the ownership of space. A report is to be put before its assembly when it meets in Caracas, Venezuela, in June. The report, according to a statement issued by I.C.A.O., says there is good reason to believe " mechanical contrivances " will travel beyond the earth's atmosphere in the near future.

But the rules which furnish legal guidance on sovereignty do not, according to I.C.A.O., apply to outer space. It was established some time ago that they apply to ordinary air space above a country, although how far outward that reaches has not been settled. I.C.A.O. has 67 member nations and these are agreed as to the air space above their countries. It is argued, however, that I.C.A.O. should also be interested in the regions of outer space which can only be reached by passage through these air spaces.

BEWARE OURSELVES

By C. H. GIBBS-SMITH, M.A., F.R.S.A.

The value of an article such as this one is that, among other things, the author is : A Companion of the Royal Aeronautical Society; a Keeper in the Victoria and Albert Museum; formerly Director of the Photograph Division, Ministry of Information; Organiser and Classifier of the Hulton-Picture Post Library, the largest Press photographic library in the world; regular contributor to the official "Recognition Journal" published by the Air Ministry; Chairman of the London Committee, English Speaking Union, and a Member of the Committee of the National Film Archive.

In addition, he has written numerous books; among them : "Basic Aircraft Recognition"; "The Aircraft Recognition Manual"; "Ballooning"; "A History of Flying"; "Operation Caroline"; "Yankee Poodle" and others, and made more than 50 radio and television broadcasts.

AS one who was originally a scoffer—and who even scoffed over the radio—I have come round to the opinion that flying saucers may well be interplanetary vehicles and that the whole subject should be pursued vigorously, continuously and relentlessly. But in arriving at this attitude there have been, and still are, a number of stumbling blocks which are disconcerting and even deplorable—the stumbling blocks placed along the road by the believers—with a large B—the enthusiasts untempered by caution, by the hoaxers, and possibly by ourselves. Causes are so often bedevilled by crusaders and even ill-served by martyrs. The people we need in the investigation of saucers are enthusiasts, yes, because enthusiasm provides the fuel for activity; but our enthusiasts must be cautious to the point of scepticism, judicious to the point of perfection, and honest to the point of obsession. Otherwise we shall all have to wait for the time when the pilots from other worlds decide to land in Piccadilly Circus and prove their interplanetary origins by some dramatic and drastic behaviour which even the News Editor of the *Times* will have to respect and report.

We all have some of the faults I am thinking of, but we must get rid of them once and for all, even if we lose a little excitement on the way. The appearance of a new book on saucers by Monsieur J. Guieu entitled *Flying Saucers Come From Another World* (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) gives us an excellent chance to analyse our faults, because—although it is in some ways a good book—it is in many ways highly dangerous, and an object-lesson to us all.

Take first the author's narration and his descriptions of sightings. It really is useless and frivolous for writers to go on stringing together a whole farrago of incidents good, bad and indifferent, without careful assessment and classification. With new sightings, as with old, we need—not an arbitrary arrangement—but a *classified* and *critical* arrangement. We want to find placed together the sightings by those best qualified for the purpose such as pilots, scientists and others whose professional standing alone would go far to prevent them from allowing their names and occupations to be associated with fake or unreliable incidents. Then progress to less authoritative and reliable—but still, if possible, corroborated—statements. And finally to Farmer Giles and old Herbert who have sworn to the local police that they saw a Sèvres soup-tureen alight beside them and a miniature figure of Louis XVI get out and pick blackberries. Science would benefit from the first of such witnesses, folk-lore from the last.

Then, for pity's sake, do let us have the *sources* for the sightings, and if the story is just relayed from another book be honest and say so. Old stories not only need careful treatment but often careful elimination: if Jimmy Guieu had checked Leslie's item about the Ampleforth Abbey manuscript on page 212, he would be surprised at the laughs now surrounding it.

And not only the sources. Where an incident is significant a careful *assessment* of those sources

must be made because even affidavits from certain people are as valuable as thousand-pound cheques from a paranoid.

Next on the list of dangers is drama, or rather *drammer* in the old-time American sense. The more dramatic you make a story the more unreliable it often becomes. Even Donald Keyhoe, one of the best pro-saucer men, shakes our belief in him sometimes by the over-emphasis—and hence possible distortion—he indulges in, and by his dramatic conclusions to make a climax.* The best saucer book I have read is Major Edward Ruppelt's *Report on Unidentified Flying Objects.*†

Sifting the Truth

Credulity and gullibility are other dangers, and I can best illustrate this, I regret to say, by something that appeared in the last number of this excellent journal, where its special correspondent refers to a saucer sighting where many photographs, including movies, were taken—all of them being confiscated by "the authorities." I just don't believe it: I know a good deal about the Press and about photographers, and I just cannot swallow the idea that good tough Press and ciné photographers would allow all their negatives to be confiscated. There would have been an almighty rumpus with the official Press associations and other organisations who would raise hell with the government, to say nothing of the plates or films discreetly removed and put in pockets before "the authorities" could get around to all the photographers.

That leads us to photographs, and they are some of the most dangerous weapons which well-informed scoffers can use against those of us who are trying to sift truth from non-truth. Just look at the plate opposite page 160 of Guieu's new book: the Eiffel Tower is actually drawn—yes, repeat *drawn*. Even if the u.f.o. flying over it is perfectly genuine, the presence of that doctored tower simply rules the whole thing out of court at the start: it is no excuse or defence to say the tower was really there in the original photograph and has just been touched up. Once you tinker with a negative or a print, you lose all right to serious consideration, and you are—to a greater or less extent—faking it. The drawing in this plate in question is not even well done. Then look at the two photos opposite his page 81: show those dark opaque lines round the u.f.o. to a professional photographer or process engraver and ask him what he thinks. Now, the point is this: I do not say or imply that these two particular photos are fakes or doctored—whereas the Eiffel Tower one is doctored without question—but anything that *looks* so suspicious shouldn't be published, as it can only do more harm than good. If you take a photo of a genuine saucer which—on development—looks suspicious, it is even better not to publish it at all. For example, I am convinced that the Adamski and Allingham photos, no matter how genuine they may be, have done much more harm than good. Why? Because they don't *look* right, and their reasons for not taking photos other than the ones which they did take—although no doubt as genuine as gold—don't *sound* right. "Justice must not only be done but must also appear to have been done" is a sound precept. If Adamski couldn't get anything better than a stretch of rocky wasteland with a small blob in the fâr distance for his long-shot of the saucer, I don't think he should have published it. If Allingham couldn't have taken his Martian better than to reveal an out-of-focus three-quarter view retreating figure showing a conventional terrestial-type hair-cut head and a conventional wrist-length sleeve with hand emerging, I feel he should never have published it at all; because, no matter how genuine the Martian is, he looks like an ordinary guy, without any visible features to show he isn't a native of Kensington or Balham.

Machines and Blobs

With reference to photographs of actual u.f.o.s, my feeling in general, for what it is worth, is that any or all of them could have been faked better by my photographic staff in the war; that the defined views seem never to have been taken with the u f.o. "all in" the negative and in spatial relation to other objects, but are always odd shots of bits of the machine; that they have a definite but indefinable look of terrestial artifacts; and, for some extraordinary reason, they always seem to be out of focus. As for the lights in the sky, or "blob" school, they are anyone's guess: all the ones I have seen could be easily rivalled by deliberate fakes. Some of these

(*Continued on page* 15)

* See Review of Keyhoe Book, p. 20.
† Major Ruppelt's book will be fully reviewed in the next issue.

SPECIAL FOR

MEXICAN TAXI DRIVER MEETS SAUCER CREW?

by Desmond Leslie

NB. (1) Scully (P. 194) says a saucer crashed in the Sierra Madre range of Mexico (some 200 miles W. or N.W. of VALLES) + that crew of six were all dead? No date?
(2) 9/3/1950 "Denver Post" reports crash of a 46 ft. saucer at Mexico City, with one dead occupant (25 inches high).
(3) Area of "magnetic faulting" in Oregon – New Mexico. Perhaps Mexico also ???

Story of conversation in broken-down car

SALVADOR VILLANUEVA is about forty years old. He has a wife and seven children. He neither smokes nor drinks and is well respected in his Mexico City home. By trade he is a driver; owning a car which he plies for hire, mainly to tourists.

For some time he feared to tell of his strange experience lest people thought him deceitful or mad (how often have we heard this fear expressed!). But when the Mexican papers began a series of articles on flying saucers, he took courage and wrote to the journalist concerned asking for an interview. Since that day he has been subjected to all manner of tests for his integrity and accuracy as a reporter. He has come through them all with full marks.

Between August 17-20, 1953, Villanueva was employed by a couple of Texan tourists to drive them from Mexico City to the Texan Border. After covering about sixty miles successfully, they had just passed Cuidad Valleys when horrible noises came from the crankshaft and the car ground to a halt. Examination showed that oil had leaked from the differential and it soon became obvious that the car would go no farther, not that night at any rate. The Texans were

Desmond Leslie went to America last fall and took time off from his two-month lecture tour to visit Villanueva, who has been hailed as the Mexican Adamski. Whether you believe his story or not, it is a fascinating one adding to those already arousing so much interest and controversy.

angry. They unloaded their baggage, engaged another car and drove off without paying. Salvador tried to obtain help but without success. By then it was beginning to rain so he decided there was nothing for it but to spend the night in his car and make arrangements for repairs in the morning.

A little later, about six p.m., he crawled under the car for another look at the damage, in the faint hope he might be able to do something to get himself away from this lonely spot. While lying on his back beneath the car he became aware that he had company. Right by his nose were two pairs of feet. The feet and the legs—what he could see of them from his prone position—were normal except that they were encased in a substance like seamless grey corduroy. Salvador scrambled up to find himself face to face with a couple of pleasant-looking men, no more than four foot six in height. Now, in Mexico, there are many short people. Many of the peasants do not exceed four and a half feet, so Villanueva was not unduly alarmed. He noticed they were both clad from neck to the tips of their toes in this one-piece grey material, broken only by a wide perforated shiny belt. Round their necks they wore metal collars and on the back of their necks small black shiny boxes.

Under their arms they carried helmets similar to those worn by jet-pilots or American football players, so he assumed them to be some kind of aviators who had landed nearby.

The men smiled at him and one opened the conversation:

" Are you having trouble?"

" Yes," answered the driver, " my differential has broken, as far as I can see."

The man who addressed him smiled sympathetically and spoke of one or two casual things. He asked Villanueva a little about himself, and he seemed quite friendly. The driver, however, noticed that this man had a peculiar accent as though he seemed to be stringing words together. His companion said nothing, but occasionally smiled or made other expressions suggesting he understood, so Salvador asked: " Doesn't your friend speak Mexican?"

" No, but he is able to understand you."

Then it began to rain again, so he invited the two visitors to shelter with him in the car. When they were inside they continued the conversation.

" Are you aviators?"

" Yes, we are."

" Is your plane near here?"

" Not very far."

" Where have you come from, if I might ask?"

" We have come from very far." And they smiled.

Still he felt there was nothing wrong until, as the night descended, his strange new friend betrayed by his conversation that he knew far too much for an ordinary man, not only about this world but about others also. He spoke of places and cities and people that made Villanueva a little afraid. Finally, somewhere around dawn, he asked him the question that was creeping into his mind.

" No," came the answer. " We are not of this

planet. We come from one far distant, but we know much about your world."

Of course, he did not believe him right away. At first he felt they were playing some kind of practical joke on him, and the second man's silent smiles irked him. Several times during the night he accused them of "taking the mickey out of him." Poor Villanueva! By the time dawn broke he was a very confused man.

After sunrise, his companions said they must leave. Then they asked if he would care to see their machine. Still faintly hoping to find a conventional aircraft with wings and propellors, Villanueva agreed to follow them. They led the way through the bushes across a rather swampy piece of land for about half a kilometre. Onwards they walked, his two visitors marching ahead of him. The ground became wet and treacherous; he was sinking in to muddy pools, sometimes almost to his knees. But the men in front—his eyes popped—the men in front were not sinking at all. When their grey-clad feet touched muddy pools the mud sprang away from them as if repelled by some invisible force. No dirt ever seemed to come in contact with them and they remained unspotted although his own boots were by now caked in mud.

Incredible Power

He hesitated. The men in front turned and smiled encouragement. So he plucked up his courage and followed through the rain-soaked scrub. Their feet fascinated him. What incredible force allowed them to walk over muddy pools uncontaminated? And what—again he felt afraid —what strange force caused their perforated belts to glow with their own light each time this happened?

Suddenly they came out into a kind of clearing. There it stood, a great shiny craft unlike anything the simple Mexican had ever seen. In form it had the shape of two huge soup plates joined at the rim. Above it was a shallow dome with portholes. The entire structure, about forty feet across, rested on three giant metal spheres or landing balls. Unless this was some secret invention from the United States, it was surely a ship from another world.

As they approached, a faint humming came from within the craft and a portion of the lower hull opened outwards, much in the manner of the rear entrance to a Martin 404 air liner, so that the inner side of the panel formed a staircase to the craft and the supporting cables became handrails. The two men went up the short flight of steps, pausing on the top to turn and look at their earthly companion.

"Would you care to come inside with us?" came the invitation.

Villanueva could only shake his head. His wife, his family, his job, his home and all the things he knew and loved suddenly seemed very real. No, he would be afraid to leave them for something alien and utterly beyond his understanding.

He turned and ran.

When he regained the road he was gasping for breath. He could hardly believe his own senses. That this should have happened to him! Impossible!

Then he took a glance back the way he had come. Something was happening back there among the bushes; something light was appearing. Something glowing white rose slowly into view, hovering for a moment, then gaining speed it began a kind of pendulum motion, a backwards and forwards arcing movement, like a falling leaf going up instead of down. It attained an altitude of several hundred feet by this method; then, glowing brighter, shot up vertically with incredible speed. In seconds it was lost to sight. Only a faint swishing sound marked its passage.

Villanueva told no one. He had work to do. His car needed attention and it was the next night before he got back to his home. His wife at once noticed his strained appearance and asked him what was wrong. Making quite sure none of the children were listening, he told her, faltering and hesitant, convinced she would consider him insane.

Not Insane

"No," she replied. "I do not think you insane. I know you. You are my husband and you would not deceive me. But others—others will not believe you. Promise me you will tell no one."

Thus Salvador Villanueva kept the mystery to himself until a series of open-minded articles by Enrico Espinosay y Cossio prompted him to tell others of his experience. To date he has not seen his visitors again. But another man in Mexico has since then had a more amazing experience. We hope to publish this later.

When I visited Mexico in November, 1955, I sought out the group of journalists and investigators who had been probing Villânueva thoroughly since the occurrence. They were most helpful and arranged a meeting with an interpreter at which I could interview him personally. A few days later I was loaned a car and Villaneuva volunteered himself as my driver. During this time I was able to study him as a human being. I found him quiet, unassuming, well-mannered and an excellent driver. The way he navigated the dangerous 11,000-ft. mountain passes by day and by night won my admiration. His judgment of speeds and distances were first class. On a trip to the Great Pyramid of Cholula —eight times greater in bulk than Cheops—he and his eldest son followed me through the six-mile labyrinth of tiny tunnels and galleries honeycombing this ancient structure. We had a wonderful adventure which they enjoyed every bit as much as I did, and I found them intelligent and pleasant companions. At the end of the long drive he surprised and even embarrassed me by refusing to take any payment, not even a " pourboire " or present for his " señora." He gave me every impression of being a trustworthy, reliable human being, the kind you would trust to take your jewellery to a bank or to look after your children if suddenly called away. I liked him very much, and I thoroughly believe his story.

Looking for Locality

But I am not alone. All who have investigated him have come to the same conclusion. On one occasion Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reeves, ardent researchers from Ohio, took Villaneuva with a group of investigators and journalists to find and establish the place of contact. They found the pull-in beside the road where he had parked the broken-down car, and after a little recollection Villanueva set up with his stick the line of direction where he remembered seeing the ship take off. The party followed this line until they came across a clearing where bushes and sticks had been broken down by some heavy object within a circle roughly 40-45 ft. in diameter. Later, one of the party secretly moved the stick about fifteen degrees and, when they regained the road, asked Villanueva to re-confirm the direction. He studied the line of sight carefully and moved the stick back about fifteen degrees to its original position. He was quite certain, he said, that this was the true direction because he had noted the exact background in the distant landscape against which the saucer had first appeared on take-off.

Now such powers of observation may seem remarkable. But I had a chance to see them demonstrated for myself when we took the mountain roads. At times our wheels were but six inches from the edge. But I never felt afraid for I sensed that here was a man who knew exactly what he was doing and whose sight and judgment were above average.

Vivid Re-enaction

Out on the road he related and re-eneacted the story to his examiners without change or contradiction. The whole episode was still vivid in his memory. He knew what he had seen and heard; just that and no more. A practical working-man, he had learned to use his eyes, and he was not in the habit of being deceived.

When I showed him the photos of the Adamski saucer he said that though it was similar to his ship there were several major differences: for example, the double convex hull and the curved underside. He did not believe his visitors were Venusians. They were small and clad in this one-piece grey garment covering the feet as well as the body. He had the impression from their talk, though they did not name any planet, that they had come from somewhere much farther than Venus, maybe from worlds beyond our vision entirely.

The Key

Then, without his direct awareness, I asked him to give me the " Key." By this I mean that every man who has received a true and physical contact with men from other worlds has been given a certain " Key " whereby it shall be known that he is speaking truly. No man, though he lived a hundred years, could ever stumble upon this key by guess or chance; least of all a simple countryman. Unless Villanueva had spoken to a spaceman in truth he could not have known it. Possibly I am the only " layman " to hold it. It is the " Key " which all falsely claiming contacts through vain or neurotic reasons fail to give. Villanueva gave it without hesitation.

Obviously I cannot disclose its nature or it would lose its whole value on future occasions.

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NOTES

Again we come across the invisible repulsion field so common to contacts (i.e. Bethurum, Galbraith, Turin, Adamski), this time operating on the visitors' bodies to prevent muddy feet and sinking in the ooze.

We have the "falling leaf" or pendulum motion, described by so many close witnesses. This is now believed to be due to some kind of fluctuation on the ship as it "falls" from one magnetic line to another while near the earth's surface.

The costumes again suggest a simple comfortable utility working garment. The luminous belt and the helmet carried under the arm are, however, new additions to the space-wardrobe. There seemed to be some connection between the glowing of the belt and the power necessary to keep the wearer from sinking into the mud.

The ship, though of polished shiny metal when grounded, glowed with a bright white light on climbing, a light which increased with the speed of ascent. Another common occurrence.

LESLIE MEETS MENZEL

I TOURED America lecturing on "The Subject" from September till December, 1955. I was amazed at the interest and the size of the audiences, which in some cases exceeded a thousand people at a time. I spoke on thirty radio and TV shows, and on every occasion received a courteous and interested hearing, whatever the interviewer's personal opinions. I also met Dr. Menzel. Yes, dear friends, my worst fears were justified. The good doctor took pains to put me aright.* He has found, you will rejoice to hear, "the common or garden object which Stephen Darbishire and George Adamski have photographed as a flying saucer." When I asked politely what the object was, he declined to tell me.

Funny that no one else should have found it, for if it can be bought in shops on both sides of the Atlantic, in the Californian one-horse town of Valley Centre, and in a remote Lancashire village like Coniston, it must be an ubiquitous article. Funny, though, that Stephen's second photo shows this object to be distorted as if it was made of rubber—luminous rubber. Has anyone round these parts seen luminous soft rubber saucers being sold off cheap in the recent sales? If so, I should like to have one, particularly if it really flies.

I showed Dr. Menzel the excellent and careful reports of astronomers Harold Hill and William Oliver (see Vol. 1, No. 3, FLYING SAUCER REVIEW) but, after reading a few lines, the sage tossed them back to me, dispelling the mystery for ever in a single word—a word of such lucid genius as to leave me spellbound.†

"Birds!" he said. "Birds!"

I could not say very much as I was a guest in the man's home. Nor did I need to. For if he prefers a bird to a fact, let him have it . . . before he gets it.

However, I was purposefully polite: I tossed one more pearly before reaching for my hat. By way of contrast I told him briefly of an amazing demonstration I twice witnessed under test conditions in company with several eminent English editors and a company chairman, during which complete living beings were materialised and a human being of our race was "dematerialised" and passed through a solid wall, to be reassembled out in the street. I merely spoke of this to watch his reaction.

A furrow wrinkled the great brow. Then enlightenment dawned once more.

"You were hypnotised."

Just think of it. I had to go all the way to Boston, Mass., to be rid of my delusions. Of course, the fact that he was not present on any of these occasions is utterly beside the point. The

* Leonard Cramp's book, by the way, is "sheer bilge"—(Menzelism No. 23. Vol. XXXI).

† See also *World Science Review*, Feb., 1955, pp. 14-15.

On May 15, 1954, Oliver observed a formation of 16 saucers transitting the moon through a 200X telescope. Dome type saucers with lighted portholes plainly visible. Observation lasting eight minutes from 12.27 p.m. to 12.35 p.m.

On July 8, 1954, Hill and his wife observed a mothership and about 30 small saucers through their 12-in. telescope. Observation lasting 25 minutes from 9.30 p.m. to 9.55 p.m.

fact that Hill and Oliver, unlike professors of astrophysics, actually *use* their telescopes and are probably more familiar with the sky than theoretical teachers, is of no account. The fact that hard-headed businessmen in cold sobriety saw exactly what I and twelve other people saw at the materialisation experiments is quite beside the point. The fact that he had never met nor questioned any of the numerous people who have seen or photographed the Adamski-type saucer is barely worth recording. For me to suggest that such an approach on Menzel's part might not be scientific does not even enter into it.

One begins to wonder if perhaps some of the wrongs in this world are due to its Creator not possessing a Degree in Astrophysics.

California

From Boston I flew to California. Great activities here. I spent three days with George Adamski; whatever you may say about George, it is a delight to be with him, to find this warm, lovable, kindly human being, devoid of all intellectual snobbery, utterly sincere, and surprisingly sage in his forecasts. He was quiet and seemingly contented. We spent a few days closely together, and I came away feeling I knew him much better than last year when the crowds never left us alone for two minutes.

Some interesting young pilots came up to Palomar. I'd better not give names or they may get into trouble. One had just come from a "U.F.O. IDENTIFICATION COURSE": all very hush-hush and secret. I asked him what classifications they used. Did they call them "Spots before the eyes," "Light inversions," "Lenticular clouds," etc.?

"Heck, no!" he replied. "They had models and actual photographs, and they classified them —'Scout ship,' 'Mother ship,' 'Carrier types.'"

"You mean they've used the names from our book?" I gasped.

"Sure thing!"

Then he laughed: "And they've got some pictures of some you've never seen. But be careful who you repeat this to. It's all highly secret."

A naval pilot told me that the previous week, early one morning, he had been passing the Howard Hughes Airstrip at the intersection of Sepulveda Boulevard in Los Angeles. Suddenly a saucer left the ground and shot up into the air. He managed to find the place—on a strip of waste land just outside the airstrip. Here the dust and sand was burned in a dark circle about forty feet across.

Quite calmly the pilot told me: "I figured it was picking someone up."

A marine officer told me that during the short truce in the Korean War a huge whirling luminous saucer patrolled up and down the lines. So regular was its progress that they could set watches by it. It was much too high for interception by fighters, but both sides saw it . . . and wondered.

Naturally, the troops were told "not to talk about this."

A professor from Columbia University (New York) also came up the mountain with a strange tale. It appeared that an air liner approaching La Guardia Field had been contacted by a large saucer which came alongside and called up the pilot by radio (plain language). The captain had the sense to relay this to his passengers through the cabin speakers, so all aboard the plane heard the two-way conversation. The professor did not tell us the text of the talk but said that La Guardia Tower also received it; and when the plane landed it was told to wait in a corner of the field in disgrace. Here no one was allowed to leave until the F.B.I. arrived. What they told the passengers and crew I do not know, but it must have been pretty good as none of them have dared reveal their experience. (Oh, that we or the editor of FLYING SAUCER REVIEW had been aboard with our British passports!) However, Columbia University has its own radio and it was on this that a recording of the conversation was made. The professor asked us not to reveal his name or he would be in trouble.

Slapdown

No doubt about it! There *is* a censorship. I even came across it personally the day of my big lecture in Columbus, Ohio, with which we inaugurated the lovely new Veterans' Memorial Hall (a good way to inaugurate a hall, we thought). That morning a very personal slapdown, accusing me of trading on incredulous fancy to make money,* appeared on the front page of the Columbus journals, written by a Professor Hyneck. (Yes, you've guessed it: he was the local Professor of Astrophysics—a devout Menzelian, to boot.) However, this article had the reverse effect. Our meeting was packed out, and I used Hyneck's article as the basis on which

* I netted 13 cents on that lecture.

to frame my speech. He had made five glaring errors, so easily disprovable, that I almost felt sorry for the angry faces in the front row who I learned afterwards were members of the Savant's astrophysics class.

Another interesting meeting was held for eight hundred works foremen at Eastman Kodak's works in Rochester, N.Y. Here I dealt mainly with the photos, showing on the screen the Adamski and Darbishire photos with Cramp's Orthographic Projections. I invited any expert present to come up and disprove my argument. I also displayed original prints for their examination. No one had any alternate theory to offer. Possibly the Rochester stores don't stock Menzel soft luminous rubber common or garden objects.

A Marine Officer back in California also told me that air-to-air radio conversations are now so common that any pilot having one has immediately to fill in a special *red-coloured form* marked "Secret."

A form!—You don't print forms until things happen pretty often.

During all this, Secretary Quarles said: "There are no flying saucers." I wonder if he has spoken to former Naval Secretary, Dan Kimble, who when aboard his "Fat Cat"* with his personal staff was accosted by a giant glowing cylinder. The monster flew alongside his plane for a few moments displaying lights and bluish portholes. Then it shot off. Kimble, a most factual unimaginative man, was shaken enough to speak of this on landing. Promptly he was told by the Pentagon that if he wished to remain Navy Secretary, he had not—repeat *not*—seen any such thing.

Actually he'd seen one of Dr. Menzel's birds.

Yes, there's still plenty going on in America, and many new developments in "saucery." But it is having to go "underground." Why the Government should be so scared of letting the people know the truth is anyone's guess. But the reason is probably a mixture of many things—fear of panic, fear of losing an election, fear of a slump on Wall Street should it be known all our power sources and vehicles are obsolete.

However, it was a fascinating and most worthwhile tour. I found the ordinary people *want* to listen, and *want* to know. It is quite obvious now that if space-people ever land in force it will be from the ordinary people, and not the self-exalted, that they will receive co-operation and friendship. "How long, oh Lord. How long?"

* A luxurious personal plane for high officials.

BEWARE OURSELVES

(*Continued from page* 7)

"blob" shots are quite likely of real saucers, but who can tell "t'other from which"?

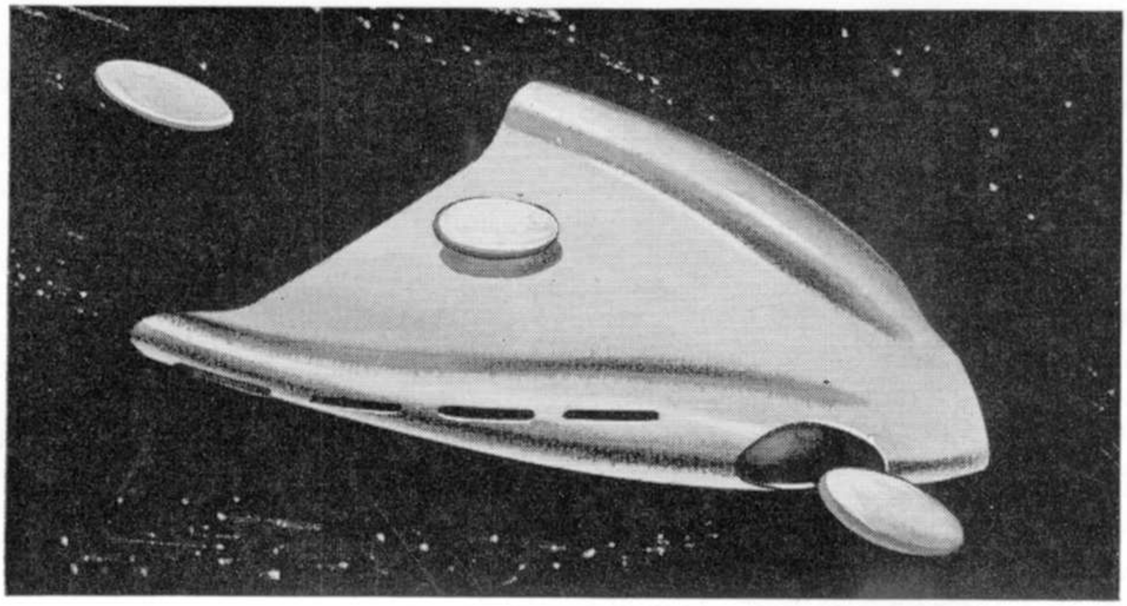
What makes one so sad about the limping advocacy of so many of our believing brothers is that they have so much better a case for their beliefs than the unbelievers for their disbelief, if only they wouldn't let the side down. Of course, some ostensible believers are really enemies in the camp, and deliberately write and speak in such a way that our opponents use them to discredit us: they are ordinary evil men. Then we have the genuine enthusiasts who swallow the cake and the dish (saucer) with it, at the slightest provocation, and who are apt to say at parties "Oh, I *do* so believe in flying saucers, don't you?" and then bat their eyelids at you, until you pray that they will one day meet a little rubber man with antennae sticking out of his ears and only think he's the next-door neighbour.

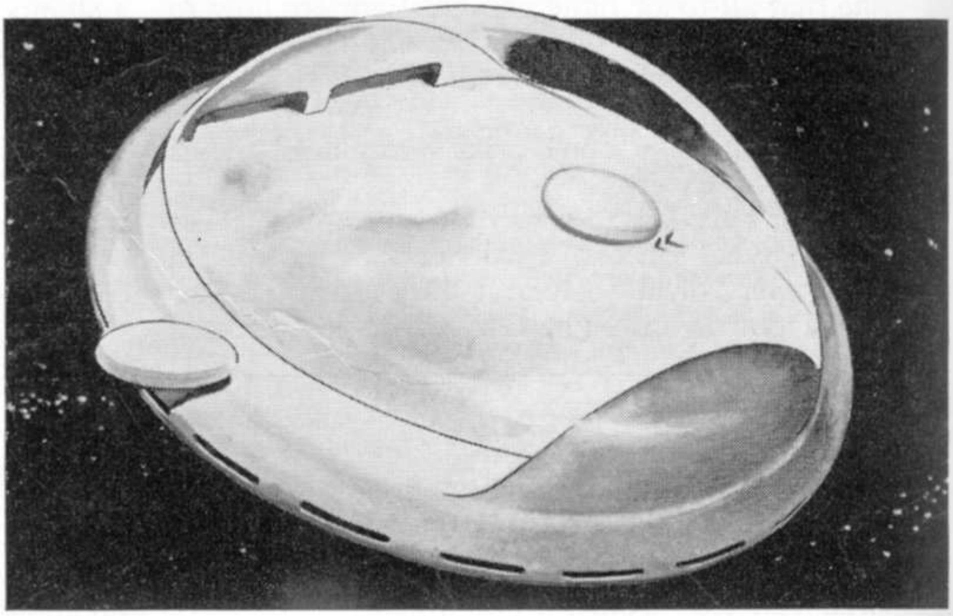
The deliberate hoaxers are, of course, a pest; and they exist in large numbers. One can do nothing about them except expose them when possible.

The rabid unbelievers, who often have a pathological will *not to believe*—they are the unwishful thinkers—have also to be left alone until, in due time, they too will meet the little rubber man and realise with an unearthly shock that he *isn't* the neighbour from next door.

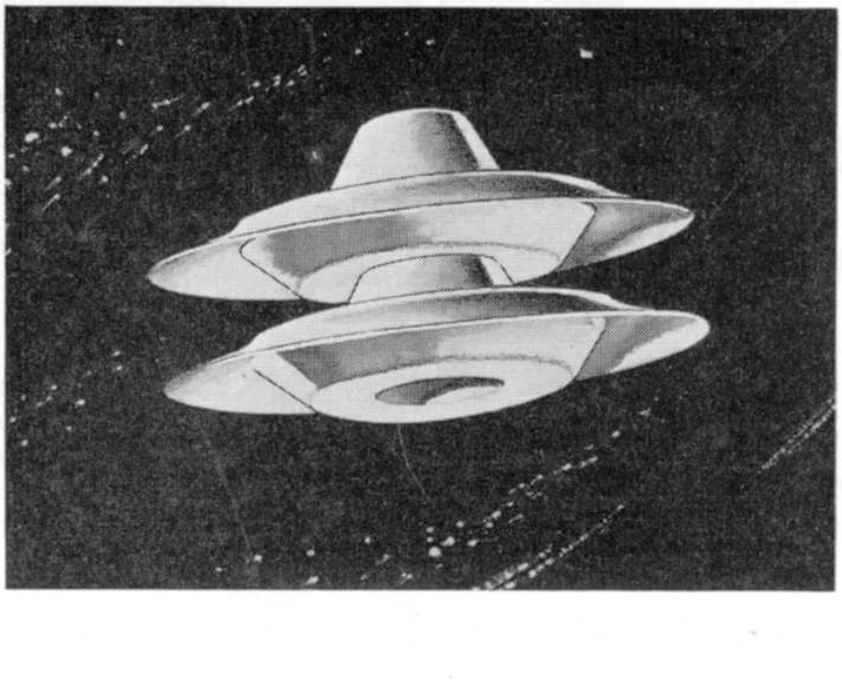
But the most dangerous people are undoubtedly ourselves, who perhaps want to believe before we have the evidence on which to believe, and thereby lose the lawyer's power to weigh evidence and come to reasonable conclusions. When we—in our enthusiasm—overstate the case, squeeze too many conclusions from too few facts, give benefits of doubt where they don't belong, and allow ourselves to drift into a state of credulity and gullibility, we are a menace to the cause of truth and should be castigated for the scamps we are. So, I pray you, if you wish to promote the true study of saucers, be sober, sagacious and sceptical, and tread warily along the funambulous track of virtue.

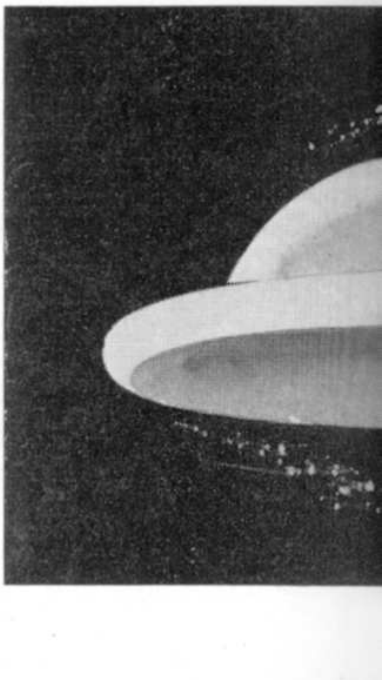
Sauc





(Above, right) By orthographically projecting B.O.A.C. Captain James Howard's log - book sketches of a vast object seen over Labrador, Leonard Cramp produced these impressions. (Below) The double saucer often reported by eye-witnesses.





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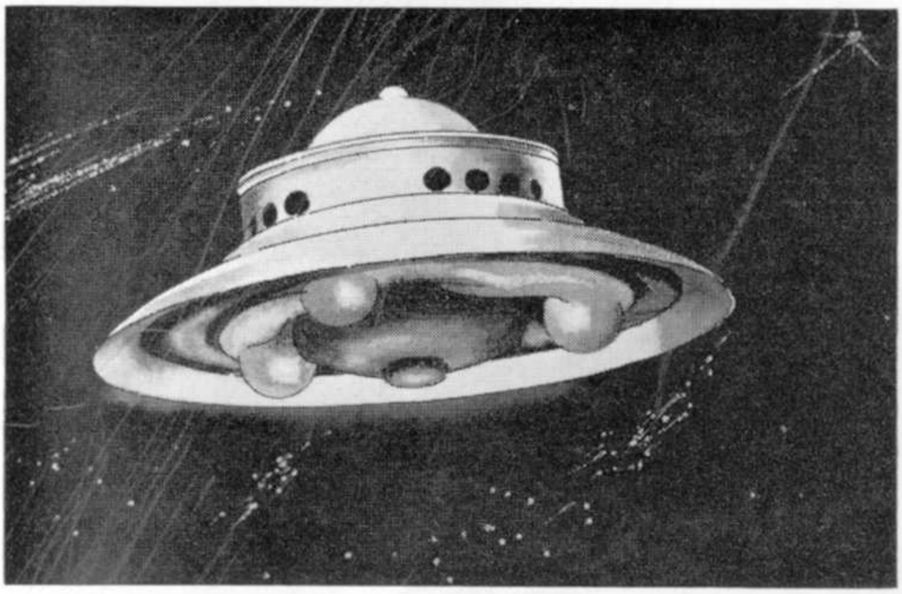
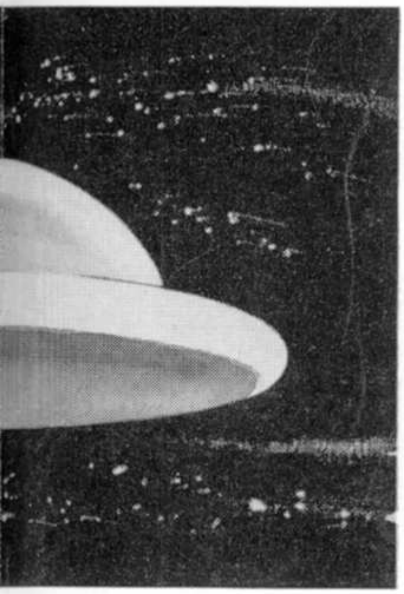
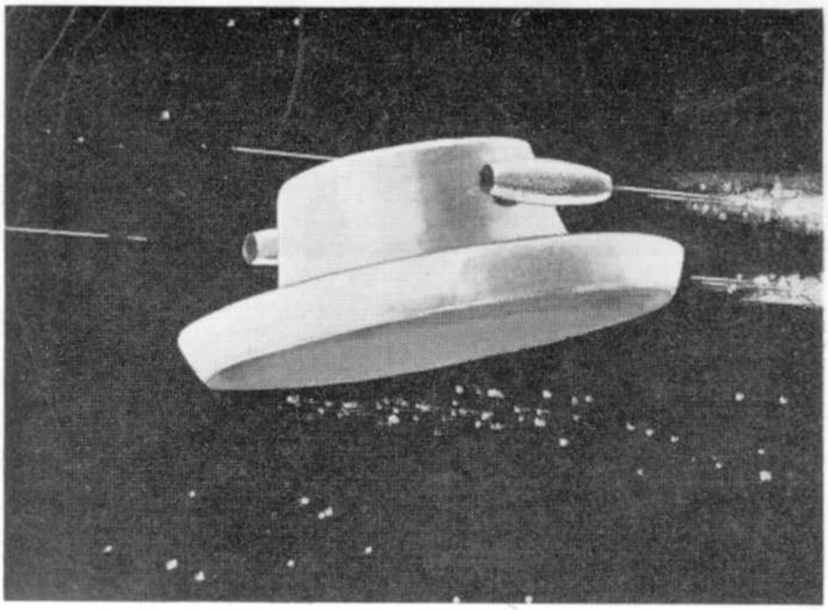
THE OCULAR PROOF

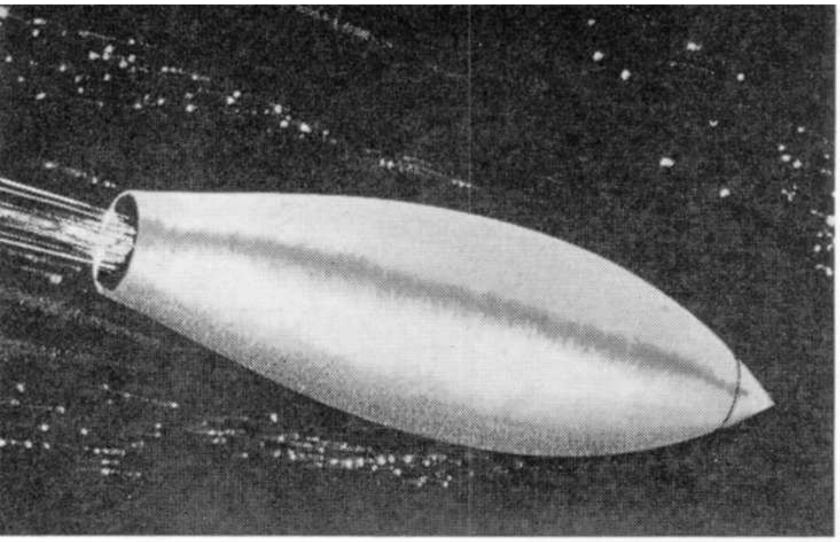
Rough sketches from official reports, pilots' log books and personal accounts come to life on these pages through the brush of John Legge to provide you with a guide to saucer recognition

(Right) The Adamski-Darbishire-Potter saucer. (Below, centre) From a Bluebook report dated December 22, 1952. (Below, right) From Bluebook again. Date: August 13, 1947.

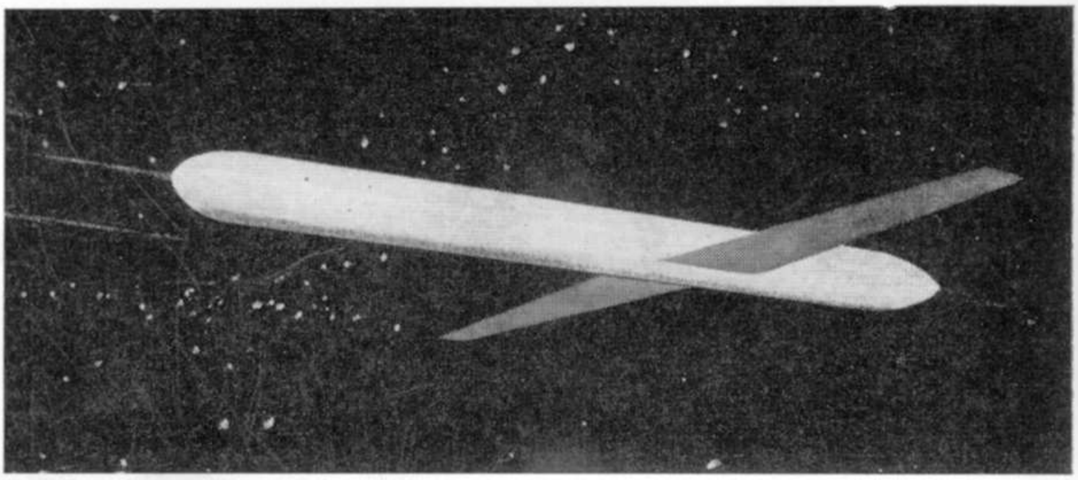




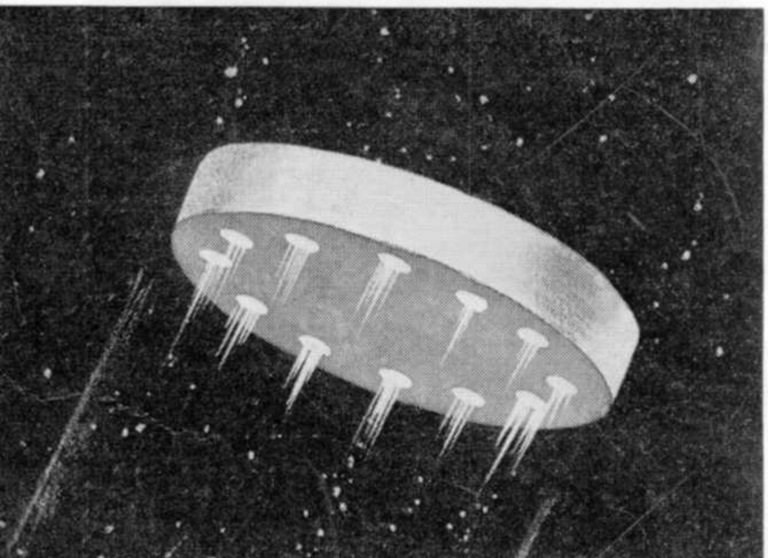




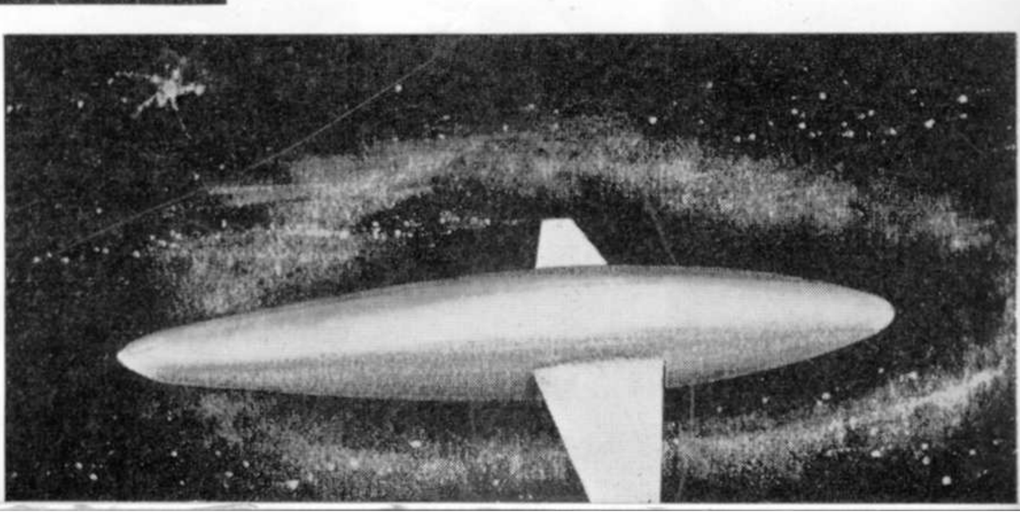
(Left) Over America, July 19, 1952. Over New Zealand, February 6, 1955.



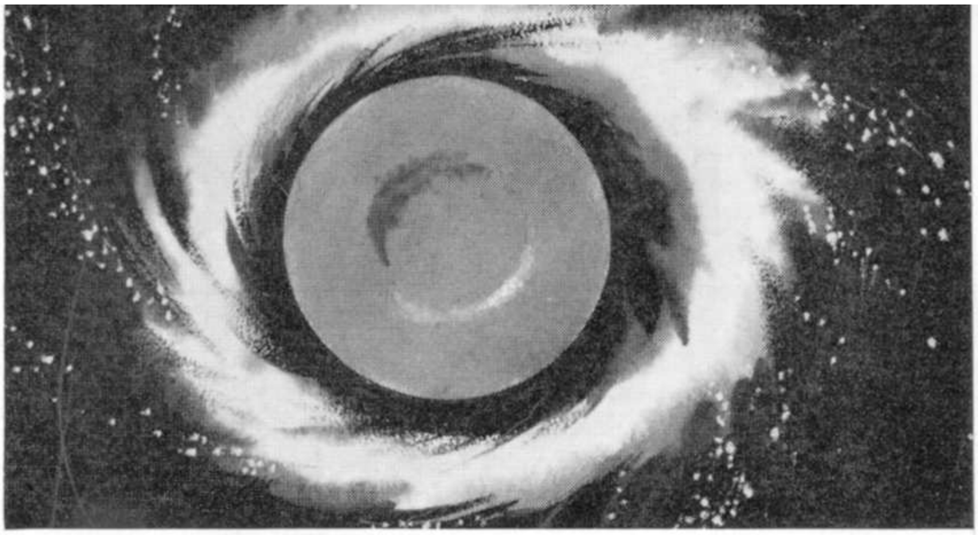
(Right) Bluebook sighting of January 20, 1951.



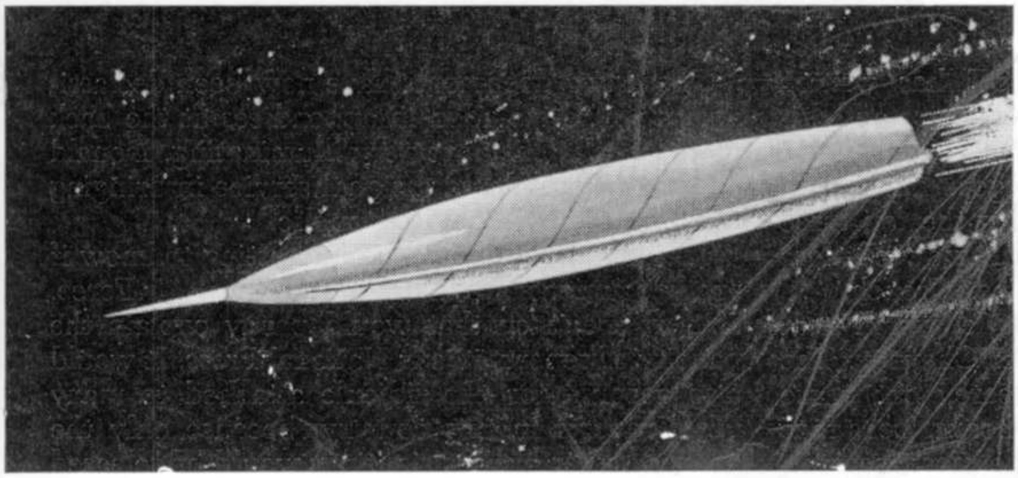
(Left) A 100-ft. diameter saucer sighted by two airline pilots near Little Rock, Arkansas, March 20, 1950.



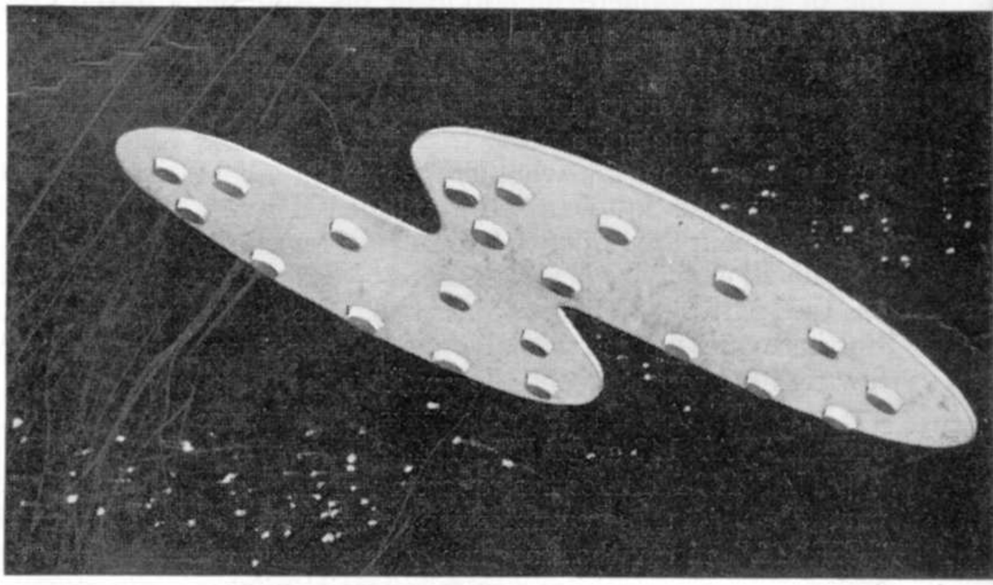
(Right) Twenty formations of nine of these apicca were seen over Flint, Michigan, on April 20, 1952. Bluebook



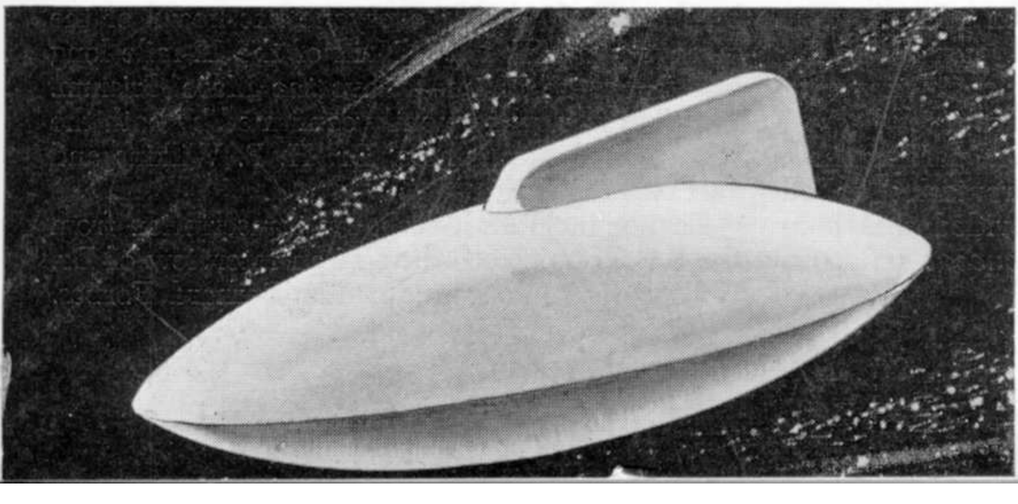
(Right) The Galloway saucer sighted by Maurice Brazier in the autumn of 1955.



(Left) The Chiles-Whitted sighting from an Eastern Airlines DC3 over Montgomery, Alabama, July 24, 1948.



(Right) Seen on July 29, 1948. Only 6 to 8 ft. long and 2 ft. wide.



(Left) This large saucer was seen from between two and a half to three minutes on May 24, 1949. From Bluebook special report

WHOSE CONSPIRACY?

The Honourable Brinsley le Poer Trench and Waveney Girvan take a look at Major Donald Keyhoe's latest book, "The Flying Saucer Conspiracy" (Henry Holt & Company, New York, $3.50), and take up their pens in opposing camps to start a controversy about the retired Marine Corps officer's approach to the subject

MAJOR DONALD KEYHOE has written several books on flying saucers, and his latest one, *The Flying Saucer Conspiracy*, is undoubtedly his best. I will go further than this. In my opinion, it rates among the top three saucer books yet published, and I know of more than thirty, writes Brinsley le Poer Trench.

The author writes in a racy style, which is at times reminiscent of the late Peter Cheyney. The latter was certainly no Shakespeare, but there was never a dull moment in his books. Let's face it, although flying saucers are the most fascinating of subjects, mere repetition of one sighting after another tends to be tedious. Not so with Major Keyhoe. His book holds the reader's interest from start to finish.

He gives conclusive proof that there is a split in the Pentagon on whether the truth about saucers should be told to the public. His disclosures about the "Silence Group" are revealing, and he shows that there is indeed a conspiracy on the part of this group to hide the facts. Furthermore, we learn that one of the reasons few sighting reports reach the public is that there are two U.S. Air Force documents in existence called JANAP 146 and AFR 200-2.

JANAP 146 includes the reporting of u.f.o.'s as part of a vital communication system called "CIRVIS," and authorises heavy penalties for anyone—whether military or commercial pilot—who makes such a report and then talks about it. The other document, AFR 200-2, permits the Air Force to inform the Press of a u.f.o. sighting only when the object has been "explained" as a balloon, bird, or the like. Under paragraph 9, which Keyhoe points out is ironically called "Release of Facts," it was provided that *only hoaxes, practical jokes and erroneous u.f.o. reports can be given to the Press*!

These two documents have now been declassified, and are included in appendices at the back of the book. They are very illuminating. Donald Keyhoe has rendered a signal service in bringing them before the bemused public.

Incidentally, it would be interesting to know if such documents are in use in the Royal Air Force. If they are, then that would partly explain the paucity of reports in our National Press. It would also account for the ridicule attached to many Press reports in this country, because only the hoaxes and erroneous sightings would be released to the Press.

I understand that Major Keyhoe's book is creating quite a furore in the States. The reason for this is that his disclosures have come out so closely on top of the U.S. Secretary for Air's statement that there "ain't no sich animal" as a flying saucer. It looks as if the Pentagon will be forced, as a result of Keyhoe's revelations, into making a further statement one way or the other. It needs only a rash of saucer sightings within the next few months to cause a few headaches in official circles. It will be interesting to see what happens. But please remember this; Major Keyhoe will deserve a considerable amount of credit for his part in helping to knock down the official skittles.

One of the more fascinating aspects of the saucer story that Keyhoe spotlights is the Enigma on the Moon. Nearly everyone has heard of the discovery by John J. O'Neill of the 12-mile long bridge on the Moon—above the Mare Crisium. This find was subsequently confirmed by both the well-known astronomers, Dr. H. P. Wilkins and Patrick Moore.

Keyhoe includes a verbatim transcription from the B.B.C. tape recording of an interview of Dr. Wilkins by radio commentator Bernard Forbes.

In this interview Wilkins says the bridge looks artificial, and even goes so far as to add that it looks almost like an engineering job!

There seems to be a mystery within a mystery here, as I understand that Dr. Wilkins has since denied that the bridge is artificial. Has Dr. Wilkins been given a gentle hint?

Another intriguing chapter which should be studied carefully in conjunction with "Enigma on the Moon" is that called "Satellite Search." Keyhoe concludes that the big observatories have been making secret observations under government orders. Dr. Wilkins' dramatic broadcast seems to have embarrassed the Pentagon still further, in that it caused hundreds of amateur astronomers to focus their telescopes more intently on the Moon—with its new bridge and its strange flashing lights—and at a time when public attention was not required to peer too strongly at the mysterious Moon. Finally, when a "Moon road" was discovered close to the bridge, no one could fail to see the possibility of an intelligent race living on the Moon, or using it as a base to keep a closer watch on the earth.

There is so much vitally important information in the book that it is difficult to highlight any one chapter at the expense of others.

Keyhoe does consider the possibility that the saucers may be hostile, but he does not really commit himself. As he so aptly remarks in the last chapter, referring to the authorities: "Even so, they're wrong to hide what they've learned. No matter what the explanation is, the world should be prepared."

This book contains brilliant objective writing and must be top priority reading for all saucer enthusiasts, and indeed for all those who wish to establish the truth about the biggest event since the birth of Christ.

Waveney Girvan writes:

NO reader of this Review will need to be reminded of the debt owed by all flying saucer enthusiasts to Donald Keyhoe. His pioneer work, which must have been carried out in the face of ridicule and other forms of discouragement, has led to the subject, slowly but surely, being taken seriously and by an ever-growing circle of responsible students all over the world. Even at the risk of appearing ungracious, however, I do feel that the time has come for Mr. Keyhoe to draft his work in more acceptable form, for he writes as though he is indifferent to the effect his words may have upon the world at large. This world, incidentally, includes a majority which believes either that the whole subject is nonsense or that a flying saucer is a device invented by science fiction writers. Alas, Donald Keyhoe writes in exactly that style.

The Flying Saucer Conspiracy, published by Henry Holt in the United States and to be published by Hutchinsons in this country later in the year, follows, in style, its two predecessors, *Flying Saucers are Real* and *Flying Saucers From Outer Space*. It is as full of arresting information and interesting speculation and it can be warmly recommended: it will indeed be instantly welcomed by all enthusiasts. It is only when one re-reads the book through the eyes of a sceptic that one realises its serious shortcomings. Donald Keyhoe uses the conversational style and indulges in dialogue wherever possible. I will give one or two examples. Keyhoe is reporting that the United States Air Force is trying to keep back some latest saucer information from the American public when a public official lets slip that 700 sightings a week are being reported. Keyhoe breaks into dialogue: "But 700 sightings a week!" I said. "I knew there was a big increase, but sure he didn't say 700 a month?" "No, I checked back." "Frank, the pressure on the u.f.o. censors must be terrific. If it keeps up like this, it's almost bound to break open." On page after page, the story breaks into a rash of inverted commas. Here is another typical example: "I got the Pentagon," he said! "The P.I.O.'s said they had absolutely no word on it." "They're covering up," I said. "You can see why. This thing could wreck the blackout."

Among these conversational tit-bits will be found a wealth of interesting information, including latest discoveries about the Moon and Mars and sensational appearances of u.f.o.s. Why these facts cannot be retailed in a more conventional manner I do not know, but I do know that they would carry much greater conviction if they were related more soberly. The average reader is left with the feeling that either Keyhoe has taken a tape-recorder along with him or he has subsequently invented the conversations in the mistaken belief that his story will then sound more dramatic. The sceptic's immediate reaction is that if the conversations can be dolled up in this manner, then so can the facts. Let it be admitted that *The Flying Saucer Conspiracy* reads like science-fiction, and that is a most damaging admission to

have to make about such a book.

Keyhoe's fondness for dramatisation leads him into more trouble as the book progresses. He makes it quite clear that the American authorities are anxious that the public should not be told the truth about the saucers. Not content with that, he ascribes motives to them on the flimsiest of evidence and even describes their emotions on certain occasions! One example should prove of interest to readers of this review, for he quotes the Salandin case, first reported in full in the Spring number of FLYING SAUCER REVIEW in 1955, though briefly referred to by me in an article which I wrote for *Illustrated* a week or so earlier. Salandin's story had not been reported in the newspapers at the time of the sighting and it will be seen that it made its first appearance in print some months later. The Air Ministry, moreover, did not get Salandin's report until several weeks after the incident. No reflection on Salandin, just that the Air Ministry had no machinery in the field for collecting reports. This, however, does not stop Keyhoe from writing: "After the Pentagon's frantic attempts to label all sightings as mistakes or illusions, Salandin's officially confirmed report gave u.f.o. censors the jitters. It would not take many news stories like these to expose the cover-up policy." Did Keyhoe see the censors at their jitters? Who officially confirmed that Salandin story? When did the censors get their jitters? At the time of the sighting or when the story was printed in *Illustrated* and in the FLYING SAUCER REVIEW? Having caught the author out in one instance, the reader begins to suspect that all the other incidents in the book have been garnished in a similar way. That is the pity of it, for the facts are dramatic enough and would stand much better on their own.

In view of the manner in which it is written, *The Flying Saucer Conspiracy* quite strongly suggests that the truth is being kept in check because the facts are, or could be, terrifying. This may not be the author's intention, but that is the effect his fee-fi-fo-fumming must inevitably produce. The author could be right, of course, but the secrecy may be due solely to the fact that the governments of the world are just as puzzled as are the readers of this review. In that case, all government authorities would be very well advised to keep quiet about the little that is known on the subject. I fear that this explanation, however, is much too humdrum for Donald Keyhoe, who, judging by the title of his latest book, much prefers to live in a world of dark conspirators and other shadowy figures.

SOUTH AFRICAN NEWS

SOUTH AFRICANS are taking a keen interest in flying saucers, writes Ann Grevler, "Flying Saucer Review's" representative in the Union. This was amply demonstrated after her recent broadcasts from Radio Mozambique when she was showered with correspondence from interested listeners.

Most bookshops in the Union report heavy business in u.f.o. books and a constant demand for more. The reason, the booksellers say, is because many people out on the veld have been influenced by the activity in their skies, all of which goes unreported in the local press. Any worthwhile sightings will be reported in this magazine.

THIS AMAZING UNIVERSE

by

Arthur Constance

THE OLD NEGRO who, in the midst of a heated argument with another coloured character, said "Yo' opens yo' mouf, words fall out, but dey don't mean nuffin'!" might have been addressing a gathering of modern scientists, so meaningless are many of their statements. If an astronomer says "bilge" he may be referring either to dirty water or to flying saucers—the context will make his meaning perfectly clear. But when he tells us that the farthest nebulæ are rushing from us at the speed of 24,000 miles a second, the words mean nothing. A speed of 1,000 miles an hour may be comprehensible. A speed of 24,000 miles an hour may be comprehensible—although I doubt it very much. But if I am asked to comprehend a speed of 24,000 miles a second I watch the speaker's lips move and hear sounds, or read printed words, and have no slightest conception of such a speed. The speed of light, scientists tell us, is something between 186,000 and 187,000 miles a second. You will find varying figures in various text-books. The velocity of light may be determined in different ways, they tell us: different methods give different results.

Taking most recent estimates, these vary from 186,271 miles per second (Michelson, 1933) to 186,284 miles (Aslakson, 1951). I am now hurled into the street as a gate-crasher, or (changing the symbolism) dropped into the scientific ash-can, as I express my opinion that light has no speed, and does not travel in any sense of the word—in a train of waves, or in more pedestrian fashion as corpuscles. At the moment, however, I am not concerned so much with the nature of light as with the plain fact that it is quite impossible for any human mind to comprehend a velocity of 186,284 miles a second. The phrase is meaningless. Now you can look at a flower and realise what "red" means. You can look at a tree and realise what "high" means. You can watch the sun rise and realise what "slow" means, or watch a meteor streak across the sky and appreciate the word "fast." But beyond certain velocities words mean nothing as any sort of accurate descriptions.

If this is true of 186,284 miles a second, what shall we say of the phrase "light year," used to express the "distance" that light travels in a year? Does "186,284 miles a second" give you a conception of a particular distance, and "186,284 miles a second multiplied by the number of seconds in a year" give you a *different* conception of distance? If the two phrases convey any meanings to your mind at all, you must admit that you receive only this impression: "One is greater than the other." Such an impression, itself, means nothing whatever—you are not a hair's-breadth nearer an understanding of the phrase "light year." And so it is when we divide and subdivide and go down into the infinitely little. Fred Hoyle, for instance, "describes" various classes of radiation. "Radio-waves: wavelength range, several thousand metres down to a tenth of a centimetre. Infra-red: wavelength range, one-tenth down to eight hundred-thousandths of a centimetre." And so on. What is happening to our minds? We are passing from reality-conceptions to mathematical-calculations.

Words Meaningless

Our "multiplying-up," in our attempts to understand the infinitely great, quickly takes us into realms where words are meaningless and mental conceptions of reality quite impossible. And so it is when we attempt to understand the infinitely little. We start "dividing-up" and quickly find ourselves in realms where words are meaningless and reality-conceptions equally impossible. We fancy—whether "multiplying-up" or "dividing-up"—that we have changed size into energy (hence the velocity of light hallucination), but we have done nothing of the kind. We have receded from reality into an unreal mathematical realm. We are in the position of some primitive savage sitting on a sea-shore looking at

his feet. He is wondering, in a childish way, what they are—what is the purpose of them? He might get up, walk around, paddle in the sea, and discover their purpose by practical experience. That would not be using any reasoning—it would be the kind of thing that butterflies do when they cross trackless wastes: they don't calculate or argue about it, *they act intuitively, with an inborn faith in God.* One can learn much in that way. But our savage by the seashore is too lazy to get up—he sits there looking at his toes and wondering what they mean. He starts counting them—so many on each foot. He subtracts, multiplies, adds, divides, subdivides, in his primitive fashion. His toes have no meaning for him, save as things to count. The simple sums he is doing enchant him. He begins to believe that he understands human feet better than others in his tribe. He calls other natives around him and talks toe-mathematics. They are mightily impressed. They squat around him and he goes on talking. The sums become more complicated (in terms of their primeval understanding). He does not know it, that simple savage there on that seashore, far back there in time, but he is one of the world's first scientists.

Lost in a Maze

Shielding my face from the argumentative brickbats and cabbage-stumps that shower upon me, I hold firmly to my statement that most scientific statements involving mathematical symbols are quite meaningless and useless *as media for approaching an understanding of reality.* I shall be told that "they *work* in practice." We have the blessings of civilisation, from refrigerators to hydrogen bombs. But I commend to the attention of mathematical materialists the undeniable fact that bees, ants, spiders, birds and various animals can create, with faultness craftsmanship, and with no knowledge of mathematics. It is obvious that juggling with mathematical symbols can result in the manipulation of matter so that new and more intricate forms of it may be created. But even as workers in factories may create parts of objects, mechanically, with no understanding of the purpose or meaning of the completed product, so numberless things for the use of mankind may be created with no slightest understanding of their purpose in the universal scheme. And it is the *over-all* meaning of a factory, a world, a cosmos, that gives it reality. The real value and meaning of a refrigerator is what it contributes to the well-being of the race. The reality of a planet, a solar system, a galaxy of suns, is determined by the spiritual over-values of the cosmos. Modern scientists reach outward and inward, from their limited materialistic viewpoints, and are quickly lost in a maze of meaningless symbols *which have no relation to reality.* We have been considering the meaninglessness of the materialistic approach to reality in terms of space. It is equally meaningless in terms of time.

We are given a picture of our world as an oblate spheroid suspended in space. If it did not revolve on its axis, quite obviously there would be no time. What we call years, days, minutes and seconds are all determined by the earth's axial revolution, and multiples of that revolution period as it circles the sun. Picture our world, therefore, spinning in space, forever turning into its half-shadow shell or cup that we call "night." Clouds drift across or pack up over various parts of its surface. Its tides rise and fall rhythmically. The pallid moon (apparently circling it) waltzes with it. During the period of each revolution (in one of our earth "days") a thousand million meteors (between magnitudes -3 and -30) bombard it. Walking upon it as it spins, or sitting at their telescope-ends, or working in their laboratories, or writing their text-books, are somersaulting scientists and astronomers, turned round and round and head-over-heels as they carry on with, or record their investigations of, the cosmos.

A Turn of the Globe

Now I am willing to confess my ignorance, and indeed my stupidity, but I cling to my sanity. I hold on to that and ask myself and the scientists what difference any particular number of the earth's twistings can make to the value of the statements made by earthlings on this spinning planet? A statement, in actual words or in writing or in print, is made by an earthling today. The world turns on its axis once—another statement is made by some other human. Why should the later statement be of greater value because the globe has turned once? Yet humans discard the first and reverence the second, simply because it is "later." Let the earth turn on its axis a hundred times and something someone has said or written becomes "old fashioned" or "out of date." I cannot see why.

Regarding things said or printed or written five hundred "years" ago—which simply means that

our world has gone around the sun five hundred times since then—one might imagine that statements or factual data or explanations of the cosmos would be compared and considered strictly on their merits. Nothing like this actually happens. There is, of course, a widespread conception, fostered by modern scientists, that human knowledge "grows from more to more" because each generation of scientists is fully conversant with all knowledge that has gone before; and that all such previous knowledge, as it reposes in the world's libraries, is somehow or other "taken into account" as scientists investigate the ever-changing scene; and that some kind of World Jury of Scientists, having surveyed the evidence of past centuries, adapts it to the "New Facts," and so hands on the adapted "Mass of Evidence" to the next generation of scientists. What is the truth? *No scientist today, or body of scientists, has digested the knowledge of past centuries.* The over-riding tendency today is to discredit it, to consider most of it not worth examination, to over-emphasise the value of *modern* research. So the vast—the incredibly vast—archives of the past are neglected. The "latest" books are studied. The "latest" scientific pronouncements are believed. Here and there isolated scientists or astronomers take a few isolated statements or collections of facts from the mountainous accumulations in the world's libraries. They give scrappy, superficial "historical surveys," as sops to the ancients. But the main material for works of science—whether of astronomy or physics or meteorology—must be "modern"—the "latest." And because scientists have concentrated on "modern science" and the "latest" data for the past hundred years there has been a wanton neglect of (and indeed contempt for) the painstaking research of countless thousands of researchers and writers in past centuries.

Thirty Years' Research

During thirty years of research into things inexplicable by modern science I have been able to do very little, as one insignificant researcher, compared to what might be done. I feel the need for research into the archives of the past is vitally urgent, as we enter a new era—an era in which what we call "u.f o.s" will become increasingly, perhaps alarmingly, important. What we call "sightings" will not cease, but *they will pass into new evidential phases.* The "basket-ball" satellites of various nations, in coming years, will *not* overshadow or confuse the issue as some seem to expect. When the satellites get up there in space the knowledge they record and send down to us will not be what we now expect. That at least is certain: *it will not be ordinary "meteorological data,"* or data enabling us, as humans, to pursue our world-suicide plans with equanimity. It may well be knowledge that will shatter our pre-conceived notions to smithereens. Apart from other factors which may play new and strange parts in the developing drama, there is Something (call it a mother-ship, a satellite from another planet, or what you will) waiting (out there in space), circling the earth steadily, watching our world and fully prepared for anything we mad humans do. Not merely from Keyhoe's latest book do I gain belief in this circling Something. Charles Fort suspected the "emptiness" of the upper atmosphere, but died without reaching any definite conclusion.

Remarkable Data

Within the next few years we shall know more—if our globe remains intact that long. I promised you, in my last article, some remarkable data from the writings of a late sixteenth-century author. You will find his most important work in many public libraries. He is Robert Burton, and was born on February 8, 1576. You may not come across his Latin comedy, *Philosophaster* (1606—acted in 1618), but, if you do, look for inner significances. In any case you will find plenty to think about in his main work, *The Anatomy of Melancholy*. Dr. Johnson said this was "the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours earlier than he wished to rise." But I suggest that there is much more in Burton's masterpiece than meets the eye, and that, if the truth were known, some of our modern scientists would have to get up early to answer some of the implications of his writings. I might use space equivalent to ten times the amount available to me in this issue to point out peculiar facts stored away in *The Anatomy of Melancholy*: facts of extreme significance to us in our study of "unidentified flying objects." Robert Burton has a habit of asking questions. The value of his research work into the writings of numbers of ancient authors is to be found beneath the surface of some of his quotations and statements, and particularly in the

(*Continued on page* 32)

CURRENT EVENTS in the heavens

A Bi-monthly Review Of The Night-Sky

by W. Schroeder

Author of "Practical Astronomy."

If the past two months did not give us much opportunity to cast glances towards the sky on account of the weather, April and May will not do so either. But the reason is quite different. The nights become shorter and shorter until, after May 21, the sun does not sink sufficiently below the horizon to make the nights really dark—even at midnight there will be some trace of daylight left, although it will be only a faint glow over the northern horizon.

These conditions are indicated by the unfamiliar shape of the dark centre-portion in Fig. 1. The line enclosing this centre part indicates the time of the end of astronomical twilight, that is the time when the last traces of daylight disappear. On May 21, the lines of evening and morning twilight meet, and from that date twilight lasts all night. The moon, moreover, makes the nights lighter still, and towards the end of May we shall be able to see only the brightest stars.

Apart from the moon, there seems to be very little to see in the night sky during the coming months, and yet there will be *a number of interesting phenomena, all of which are indicated, in one way or another, by the yearly chart which was published in* FLYING SAUCER REVIEW (Nov.-Dec. issue). First of all, there is a conjunction of the narrow crescent of the Moon, then only three days old, with Venus and the reddish star Aldebaran, in the constellation Taurus on April 14. *Venus will then be the brightest object in the sky,* and with the Moon nearby at the same time, we shall even find it difficult to distinguish that faint little asterism of the Pleiades.

Venus, however, will increase in brightness even more, and the date of her greatest brilliancy will be May 16, by which time she will have travelled into the constellation Gemini.

Mercury, which is never visible for more than a few days at a time on three or four occasions during every year, puts in another of his fleeting appearances around May 2. It will then be possible to observe him shortly after sunset over the western horizon in the constellation Taurus, near the Pleiades. Fig. 2 shows the aspect of the sky at the time which is most favourable for an observation of this elusive planet.

The planet Saturn, now in Scorpio, still gains in brightness, and reaches opposition on May 20. On this day the planet will be nearest to the Earth, and at the same time, at its brightest. *The unique ring around Saturn should be visible even in a pair of good binoculars,* although the observation of this planet may be hampered by the fact that it does not attain a great elevation above the horizon, being situated in a southerly part of the heavens.

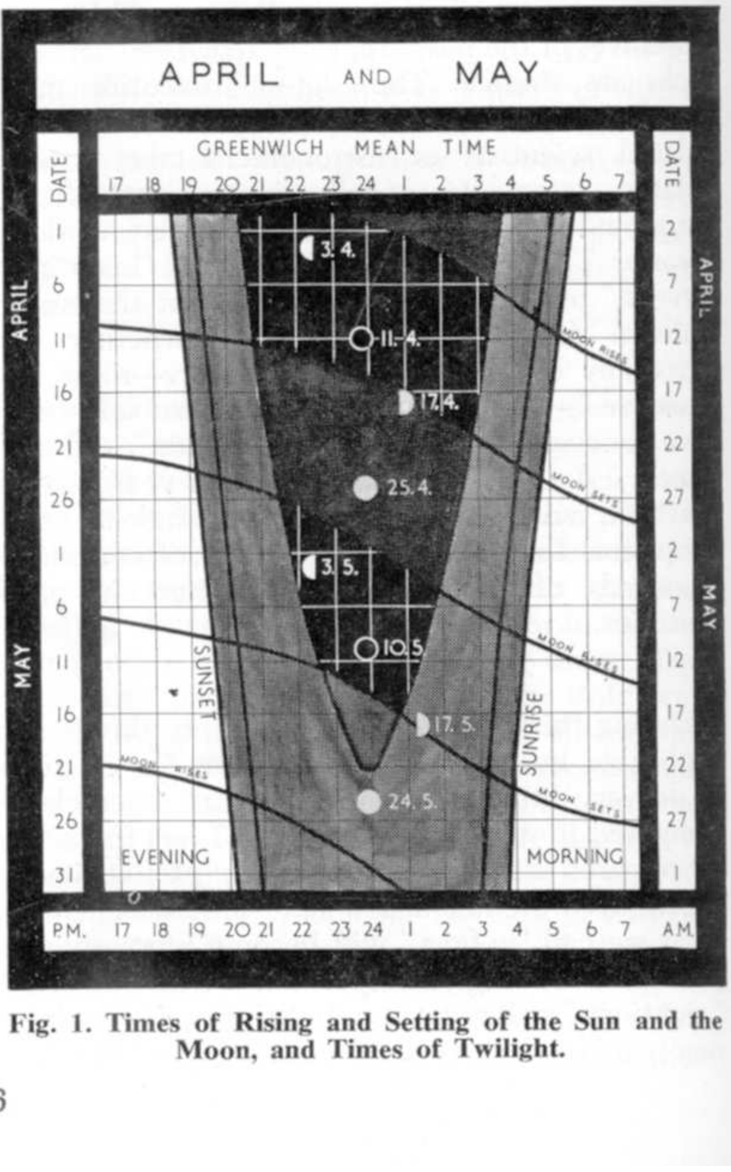


Fig. 1. Times of Rising and Setting of the Sun and the Moon, and Times of Twilight.

Fig. 3 reveals another curious fact about the planets during the next two months: except for Mercury, *all the other planets will be on one side of the sun,* and at the beginning of May it is possible to observe every single planet, even the telescopic ones, during any one night. This, indeed, is a very rare occurrence.

The yearly chart, referred to earlier on, indicates that on May 24 the Moon will be in opposition: it is, therefore, Full Moon. On the chart, the line of opposition and the line representing the path of the Moon intersect each other on this date. A third line, however, intersects the other two in the same point, and this is marked "Ascending Node." This marks the point where the orbit of the Moon, which is inclined to the orbit of the Earth, intersects the plane of the Earth's orbit. The three bodies, Sun, Moon, and Earth, are therefore on a straight line, and while the Moon usually passes above or below the Earth's shadow during the times of Full Moon, she will pass through it on this occasion.

Fig. 4 gives, with sufficient accuracy, the times when the Moon first touches the half-shadow, the shadow, and the last contacts with these, as well as the time of the middle of the eclipse. On this occasion, the Moon will not be eclipsed completely. Even during the middle of the eclipse a small fraction of the Moon's disc will still be illuminated.

This eclipse is particularly interesting, as two faint stars will be situated inside the Earth's shadow. The latter is, of course, invisible unless it strikes the Moon. The two stars are both of 4th magnitude, too faint to be visible in the

Fig. 2. Mercury and Venus in the Evening Sky.

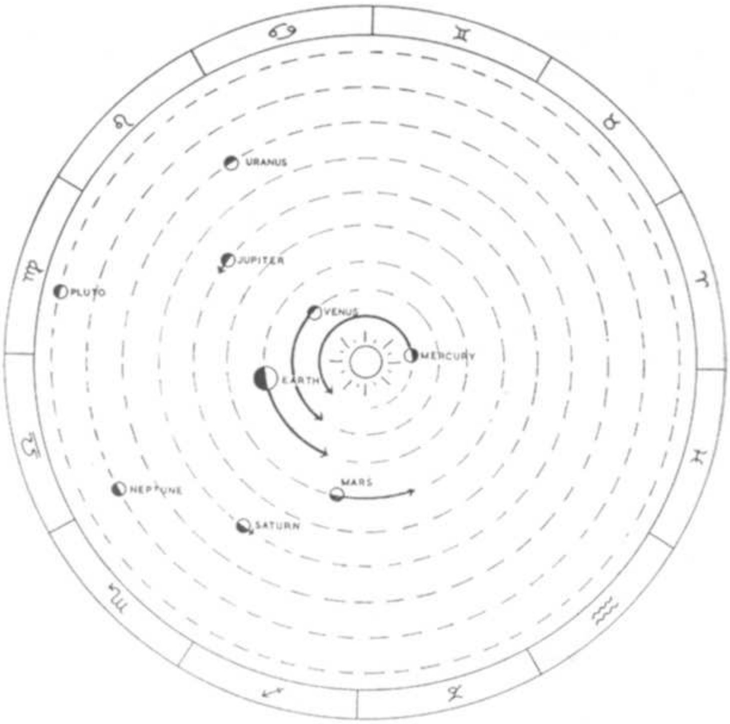


Fig. 3. Positions of the Planets, relative to the Sun, on April 1, and their movements during the following two months.

vicinity of the bright disc of the Full Moon. But it will be interesting to observe them emerge from their surroundings while the Moon is being eclipsed, and her light becomes dimmer and dimmer. The star beta Scorpii, just outside the Earth's Penumbra, is the uppermost of the three stars on the western side of the fan-shaped group in the Scorpion. The planet Saturn is also in these parts of the sky, but a little more towards the west.

Unfortunately it will not be possible to observe this eclipse from the British Isles or North America, as in these parts of the world the Moon will be below the horizon at the time, but it can be seen from the south-eastern parts of Europe, the eastern parts of Africa, and India, Australia and New Zealand.

The meteors which will be visible during April and May are all swiftly-moving objects, and will leave little doubt as to their exact nature. From a radiant in the Lyre comes a number of meteors, which leave a faint, phosphorescent band behind, which remains visible for some time along the path of the meteor. These will appear from April 20 to 22.

Unusually long paths are displayed by a group of meteors which appear before sunrise on May 6 from a radiant in the Water Carrier. This par-

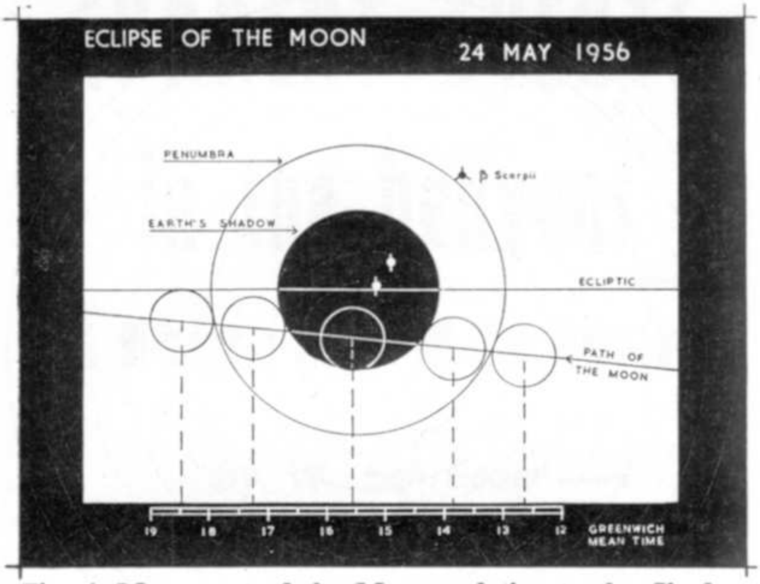


Fig. 4. Movement of the Moon, relative to the Shadow of the Earth, on May 24, 1956.

ticular shower is generally considered to be connected with Halley's Comet.

Meteors also radiate from Hercules and Pegasus on May 11-24 and May 30 respectively, and the members of both showers are fairly swift, those of the latter again leaving streaks behind.

The spectacular Winter Stars have now disappeared from the night sky, only the Twins and the Little Dog remain above the horizon in the west. The Milky Way is low, almost touching the horizon in the north, and if it were not for the brilliant planets, the sky would have a somewhat empty appearance.

In the south, the sky is occupied by the faint stars of Hydra, while almost overhead we can see the nebulous starclouds which make up Bernice's Hair. On a really dark night, these present a glorious view.

In the north-west, Capella in the Charioteer approaches the horizon, while Vega in the Lyre rises in the north-east. Deneb in the Swan also is above the horizon, and only Altair in the Eagle, the third star in the Summer Triangle, has yet to rise to remind us that summer has come once again.

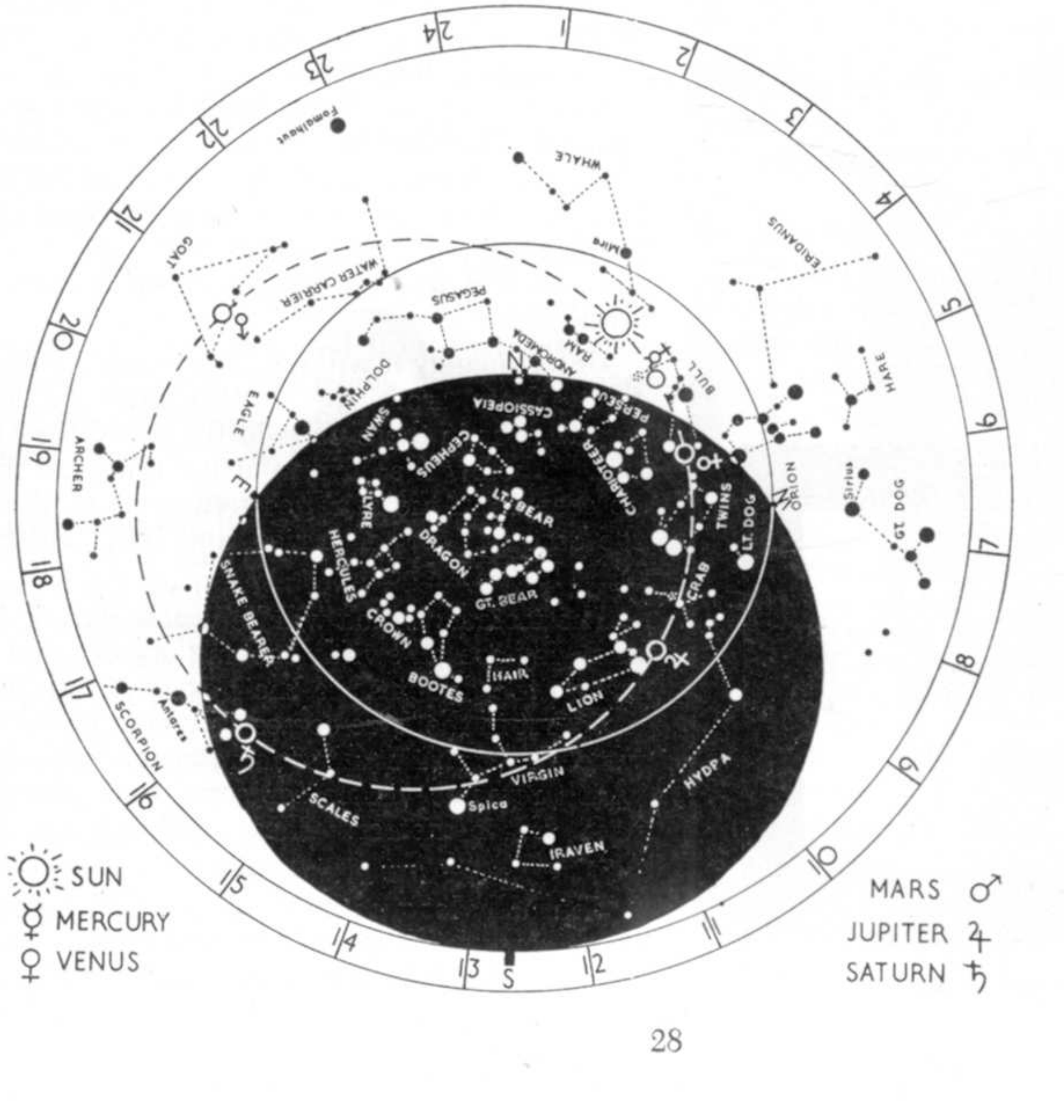


Fig. 5. Aspect of the Night Sky on May 1, 1956.

SELECTED BOOKS

Reviewed by

The Hon. Brinsley le Poer Trench

FLYING SAUCERS UNCENSORED, by Harold T. Wilkins. (The Citadel Press, New York, $3.50.)

Mr. Wilkins is well known to saucer researchers through his previous book, *Flying Saucers from the Moon,* which was given the unfortunate title of *Flying Saucers on the Attack* in the United States version.

He has written a readable and scholarly new work, and the reader will find numerous fresh sightings and some interesting data concerning car windscreen shatterings, a phenomena common to both Britain and the States. Also, considerable light is shown on strange objects dropping from the skies.

The author has emulated Major Donald Keyhoe in showing up official censorship (whether direct or indirect) regarding flying saucers. For this service we are very grateful.

However, I must confess that I put down this book with somewhat mixed feelings. I was irritated by Mr. Wilkins' continual harping on his "saucers may be hostile" theme, and by his tendency to blame every aeroplane crash or disappearance on to the visitors from outer space.

I agree that the motives behind these visitations have not yet been officially given out to the world by our own authorities, but it has been established by many investigators—including Mr. Wilkins—that the saucers have been visiting us for thousands of years, and so far we have not been wiped out. Incidentally, on page 80 there is a fascinating reproduction of the world's earliest record of a flying saucer fleet, written in ancient Egypt, 5,500 years ago on a papyrus! If space visitors have evolved to the extent of mastering space flight at least 5,500 years ago—maybe longer—it does seem very odd that the best they can do now (if hostile) is to start a few fires and destroy one or two of our Comet aircraft. No, it won't do, Mr. Wilkins!

Most of our readers will strongly support the author in his remarks about atomic and hydrogen bombs. There, I think, is one of the main reasons for the stepped-up visits of saucers in recent years. They are here, I reckon, partly out of concern in case we blow up our planet and, in doing so, possibly start off some chain reaction throwing other planets in our Solar System out of their orbits, causing infinite chaos and destruction.

A shrewd guess might be that the real villains are not the "Cosmic General Staff," as suggested by Mr. Wilkins, but the Military General Staffs of this familiar lil' old planet. What do you think?

★ ★ ★

FLYING SAUCERS FROM OUTER SPACE, by Major Donald E. Keyhoe, U.S. Marine Corps, Retd. (Hutchinson & Co., London, 2s. 6d.)

Major Keyhoe's latest book, *The Flying Saucer Conspiracy,* is reviewed extensively on another page.

However, readers of FLYING SAUCER REVIEW who have not read his earlier book may be interested to know that it has just been re-issued very cheaply in a paper-backed Arrow Book edition by Hutchinsons', with six illustrations.

This book contains scores of impressive sighting reports and covers the author's earlier investigations into flying saucers. This new edition has an attractive cover design, and is well worth the money.

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MAIL BAG

Sir,

In reply to the query of your correspondent Mr. John Pitt, I would like to say that to *me* a Mystic is he who in his "ecstasies" becomes one with "God"—Life, Truth, etc. During his ecstasy he is an adept, a Gnostic, a Theosophist. Coming out of his ecstasy into the world of action, he, the Mystic, becomes an Occultist; one who knows there is the One—Omnipotence, Omnipresence, Omniscience—and therefore in his acts will try to use these powers that now will be occult, hidden, noumenal to him.

I am sorry I have failed to impress what to me is the essence of Religion a process *within* man, called into being through his contact with surrounding circumstances in life. How otherwise would he ever be able to attain to the "God"-consciousness, which I said in my article can only be dependent on its own *inner* nature, independent of creed, rites, etc. (and so of the terminology "God," etc.).

To me there can be no evolution from "*outside*," as in reality there is nothing "outside" God (the Absolute manifesting as Omnipotence, Omniscience, Omnipresence). "God" is "*within*" man. Man's evolution is the evolution of his individuality—his ego—until at last it knows itself for what it has been from the beginning: The One, all-pervading Principle (God). He, as a personality, as the "part," will of course always feel obliged to "kneel at the feet of some intangible totem—still require the services of a spiritual wet-nurse" [J.P.].

Or, I would prefer to say: not obliged to, but urged by the "God" within to look towards the Heights within himself—that is towards the One: "Nature," "God" or whatever term we care to use to express the inexpressible ONE Reality.

OTTO VIKING.

[Monseigneur Otto Viking, whose article "Religion and Flying Saucers" created such a stir in the Nov.-Dec. issue, is Regional Archbishop for Scandinavia of the Liberal Catholic Church.—Ed.]

★ ★ ★

Sir,

I would like to make the following observations concerning The Earl Nelson's book *There is Life on Mars,* which I obtained after seeing it advertised in FLYING SAUCER REVIEW.

Firstly, insofar as evolution is concerned, why did colour vision "evolve?" It is certainly not necessary by any means—it merely makes life more pleasant. It has no real practical value and it is difficult to see what the advantage is that would cause evolution along these lines. John Rowland, in his fine book *Mysteries of Science* has some interesting comments on this subject and the Darwinian theory of evolution in general. Rowland expands his case against "Evolution" by stating some interesting facts about the sensitiveness of the ear to musical tones as well.

I think the whole business of evolution bears looking at a little more deeply than most people have done so far.

My second point concerns the climatic conditions of Mars and the possibility of life existing thereon. The Earl Nelson quotes temperature ranges of both earth and Mars as being 75° below zero F to about 140° above, and from 95° F below zero to 87° above, respectively. He does, however, throughout the entire book, refer to the "great differences in temperature," in an unsuccessful attempt to convince one that the differences are great, when actually there is little difference when you look at the above temperatures closely. These give Earth a variation of 215° and Mars 182°. This gives a mean for the Earth of 32° F and for Mars of 4° below zero, which in turn gives a mean difference between the two of only 36°F.

When one considers the average temperatures endured by far Northern Eskimos, and by equitorial natives, it does not require any stretch of the imagination to imagine Martians enduring a mean temperature of 36°F less than here on earth. Even with wide variations from day to night, it is merely a question of local conditions and acclimatization.

A further point is the question of the "extensive yellow clouds" observed on Mars, which the author says may be caused by dust storms. He emphasises more than once that the winds are light—up to 20 or 25 miles per hour. Would light winds such as these produce such widespread dust storms, especially in a rarefied atmosphere?

Fourthly, the author speculates that possibly Mars had animal life at one time and that it may "have died out through changing conditions, increasing cold, the gradual loss of much of the atmosphere and the growing scarcity of water."

If animal life did exist, and the conditions which sustained it changed, why then did the process of evolution not evolve changes in the animal life to adapt them to these changing conditions? These circumstances certainly do not support the case for evolution at all.

Next, the Earl Nelson states that "Kuiper of Yerkes Observatory has been able to prove conclusively that the polar caps of Mars really are snow." They probably are, but how did he prove it conclusively? Did he get some? Scientists are continually being proved wrong as time goes on (we got through the sound barrier after all). Let's not state anything conclusively until we get there and really find out.

Another point raised by Nelson concerns the fact that almost no scientists today agree with Lowell's thoughts on the Martian canals. No actual disproof of Lowell's theories has yet been produced, so why dispute them? This is like sentencing a man without finding him guilty.

To progress my remarks on this book, if the moon was torn from the bed of the Pacific Ocean, why is it a sphere? It is well known that shape does not matter in space, and the moon could certainly not have assumed this shape while in space (it is admitted by scientists that asteriods are all sorts of shapes) and it is unreasonable to assume that it was worn down to a sphere just passing through our own atmosphere after being torn loose (if our atmosphere even existed at that time). This theory also bears further investigation.

The author also states that "it is clear that life, as we know it, could only exist on bodies in space where conditions are more or less comparable with those existing here." Can we really be sure of this statement?

Laboratory and other tests have determined that humans can withstand much higher and lower temperatures than are encountered in our varying climatic conditions on Earth and that terrific physical strains can be

withstood by the human body. Colonel Stapp of the U.S. Air Force has withstood 35 g's on his rocket sled. If we can withstand unusual circumstances like these now, who knows what we could withstand after being "acclimatized" to severe conditions for long periods. The evidence turned up by Col. Stapp does not fall in line with the Darwinian theory either, as why would humans have evolved to withstand such forces when they are never encountered in everyday life? In view of the above, it is not really possible to agree with the author's statement.

My final point concerns the supposed shortage of water on Mars, water being one of the factors of an "ecological space." May I draw attention to page 182 of *The World We Live In*, published by *Life* magazine, wherein is outlined the circumstances concerning the survival in the desert of the Kangaroo rat who not only lives without drinking but subsists on a diet of dry seeds, containing but 5 per cent. of free water. Like other animals, he has the ability to manufacture water in his body by the metabolic conversion of carbohydrates.

To my mind, we do not have any *positive proof* of conditions on any other planet, and should not, therefore, jump to hasty conclusions. The Earl Nelson even readily admits that we don't really know the actual conditions at the *surface* of Mars.

Why not, then, accept what we are told in the Bible—that God made man in his own image?

A. R. BRAY,
Hamilton,
Ontario.

★ ★ ★

Sir,

A reference to the movement of expansion of the universe in a contemporary publication *Le Courrier Interplanetaire* suggests that this theory is coming to be accepted nowadays as a proved hypothesis. This theory, as we know, is based on the displacement towards the red end of the spectrum of the spectral lines of the light emanating from the very distant nebulae, indicating a velocity of movement up to thirty or more thousand miles a second, a very appreciable fraction of the velocity of light. Now, it is known that Einstein did not accept this theory. Besides the shift of the spectral lines, due to rapid movement in the line of sight, he found this shift to be caused also by the passage of light through a gravitational field. This theory, then, could hardly have been acceptable to him, as he regarded the universe as finite, though *curved* in such a manner that, like a circle or sphere, it has neither end nor beginning. And he was, I understand, disposed to regard the phenomenon of the shift of the spectral lines of the light from these very distant nebulae as being due to their light *passing round* this curve. And so, too, it follows that we cannot be quite sure whether such nebulae are in front of us or behind!

Einstein's finite universe was based on *a priori* mathematical findings connected with his relativity theory. His data are the two constants, gravitation and the velocity of light, which he treated as the greatest velocity possible. From these data he has given us the measurement of his curved universe and has even calculated its weight, which is ten to the power of fifty-four grammes. (Cited from Mosskowski's *Einstein the Searcher*—Methuen.) His view of the universe is at least logical, no small merit in our times. For an infinite universe is a contradiction in terms, the universe being, by implication, the sum total of all that is.

Now there is a significant question I should like to ask but am not myself in a position to answer. Is this shift of the spectral lines observable to about the same extent from all points of our globe? If so, this would seem to imply, on the expansion hypothesis, that our solar system, or galaxy, is situated at the approximate centre of the expanding periphery. This would not be impossible, but the chances against its being so would be very great. On the other hand, if Einstein's theory is correct, the shift of the spectral lines *would* be observable in approximately equal measure from all points of the earth's surface. So I see things. Perhaps some astronomical reader may be able to comment on this.

I am rather surprised to find Einstein's corrective to this theory of expansion of the universe so easily thrust aside. For thus we have confusion thrown into the ordered system which we owe to Einstein's mathematical genius. Is this confusion justified? Has Einstein been so soon forgotten.

(Note: If it is confirmed that a velocity of 210,000 miles per second has been found for a beam of electrons, at the Naval Research Laboratory of the U.S.A., as reported in *Fate* (October, 1955, p.36) we may expect this to have some repercussions on Einstein's findings.

I am tempted to add a few remarks on the metaphysical aspects of the problem. Let us note first that we can measure only finite quantities and relations, because our cardinal numbers themselves stand for finite, discontinuous quantities *indefinitely* extènsible, it is true, but finite at all times if measurement is to be possible. Every number is thus said to have a vector, meaning, in general terms, that it is metrically significant. We must, however, distinguish between *infinite qua indefinite*, and infinite *qua* having *no* end. Infinity in the latter sense is presumed in connection with irrational values, such as the pi ratio (the diameter to the circumference of a circle). Such values have no vector, and seems like hiatuses in our numerical system. (The pi ratio has been calculated to 200 places of decimals). To be numerically significant such values have to be treated as finite. Approximations only are possible. Thus, to render the universe intelligible, we seem to be under the necessity of treating it as finite. Similarly, motion, to be rendered intelligible, has to be related to fixed points in time and space. We cannot, in fact, deal with motion in the abstract but only with finite quantities of motion and of space which we then, by extension, proceed to regard as subdivisible to infinity, with no final term. Time, a factor in the measurement of motion, is, *pari passu*, subdivided in a manner to correspond, leaving us with victims of Zeno's well-known paradoxes.

We seem to be tied, in our outlook on the universe, to what may be no more than false abstractions. We plead for the infinite and are tied to the finite, and create for ourselves an infinite which cannot be reached through the finite! And no wonder! For the terms *finite* and *infinite* are contradictions in a given universe of discourse. No middle term is possible. Thus, some may consider Einstein's universe as being finite and infinite, by returning upon itself along that mysterious curve. But for *measurement* it must be finite, like a sphere on which we measure a circle, which is a plane figure, starting from some arbitrarily chosen point. Strictly, a circle has neither end nor beginning. It is we who create both. Now, plane figures are ideal, that is, mental constructions, and by Euclid's definitions they cannot exist objectively. Thus, there can be no real tangent to a circle, for the point of contact would have to be a surface, however small, to receive the tangent: and a point has no magnitude, and a tangent no width! Yet a point of discussion exists as to whether a circle can have a tangent at every point, thus

bringing in infinity again as a factor, points having no magnitude. Only three-dimensional figures can have an objective existence, and none of them is perfect in nature.

Our geometrical figures, then, are ideal constructions. We may wonder whether sight is not sometimes lost of such considerations—even by mathematicians! Might we not be rendering ourselves a service in metaphysics by more frankly recognising the limitations of our own intellects? Infinity appears in the light of a false abstraction from our observation of indefinite extension, which, in its turn, is the product of measurement by discontinuous, finite quantities. And, just as the zero factor turns any quantity into zero, so also infinity renders any divisor nul and void. The strictly infinite, not being a quantity, cannot be divided by any factor, nor by itself.

SCRUTATOR,

* * *

Sir,

I have recently had the good fortune of receiving and reading the latest (Jan.-Feb.) issue of the FLYING SAUCER REVIEW. I feel that this is not only your best issue to-date, but an example of saucer-journalism at perfection. You should be greatly commended for your foresight and your progressive and open-minded attitude in publishing a "Guide To World Ufology." It is such co-operation as this which makes this such a world-wide subject. Keep up the good work.

MAX. B. MILLER,
Flying Saucers International,
P.O. Box 35034, Los Angeles, 35, California.

Sir,

If space is infinite there can be no absolute fixed point in space. Similarly, if—as it is logical to assume—time is infinite, past, present and future must all coexist. Our present must coexist with the present of a million years ahead or a million years in the past.

It is reasonable to suppose that man a million years hence will have progressed in his knowledge and understanding of the universe to a point far beyond our wildest dreams. Probably he will be able to harness to his needs the force of gravitation and have discovered how to move about in time as he does in space.

On these assumptions it can plausibly be argued that the Flying Saucers which appear in our skies come from a million or more years ahead and are man-made. They emerge—the only word to describe their appearance—from some space-time dimension unknown to us. This would explain their almost instantaneous appearance and disappearance. The theory also increases the credibility of those witnesses who claim to have seen the occupants of Flying Saucers and who say they are indentical in physical appearance with human beings. In fact, they are human beings.

This theory is to be preferred to the visitors from outer space theory and involves no need to explain away the the extreme improbability that intelligent life on another planet with different atmospheric and physical conditions would have developed on the same lines as on earth.

J. FLETCHER,
Bradford.

(*Continued from page* 25)

implications of his questions. Here is a specimen of his writing (Part 2, Sec. 2, Mem. 3):

"There are that observe new motions of the heavens, new stars, *palantia sidera*, comets, clouds, call them what you will, like those Medicean, Burbonian, Austrian planets, lately detected, which do not decay, but come and go, rise higher and lower, hide and show themselves among the fixed stars, amongst the planets, above and beneath the moon, at set times, now nearer, now farther off, together, asunder; as he that plays upon a sackbut by pulling it up and down alters his tones and tunes, do they their stations and places, though to us undiscerned; and from these motions proceed (as they conceive) diverse alterations. Clavius conjectures otherwise, but they be but conjectures."

This is but one of numerous passages in Burton's work which repay analytical study.

I now adopt Burton's own style, and put a few provocative questions:

What were the prevailing scientific opinions when Burton wrote his book—the 1*st edition was* 1621?

How can this passage be referring to planets and nothing more when it has the words "amongst the planets"?

What is there in the symbolism of the sackbut?

What does he mean by planets which "do not decay"?

We note that "Clavius conjectures otherwise" —implying a contrast between the conjectures ("they be but conjectures") and his own statements: as though he had more certain knowledge.

Robert Burton was "a severe student, a devourer of authors"—one of the most widely-read men who has ever lived. Milton and others borrowed from him. His book has been described as "ingenious" and "a source of surreptitious learning." It is packed with quotations and it is very evident that Burton concealed some of his acquired knowledge under the surface of the book, and that he had special knowledge of many of the subjects treated in the book which he revealed by implication rather than by plain statement.

I suggest that *The Anatomy of Melancholy* is a mine of curious information which might well be explored more thoroughly than it has ever been, in the light of what we have learned from our researches in the field of "unidentified flying objects."

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